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LAW AND ORDER IN BRUSSELS

Last Sunday in Brussels armed files of British and Canadian military police kept order in the main streets, while vast crowds demonstrated against M. Pierlot's Government. This is the most disquieting thing that has happened since our armies began the liberation of the Continent. It means that our men were used to protect an obviously unpopular Government against the popular anger. This intervention was, moreover, directed, in the name of law and order, against the forces of Resistance. What has happened in this open and conspicuous way in Belgium, may be repeated, unless public opinion is vigilant, over and over again, as our armies advance. The Western Allies have, for some months or years to come, omnipotent power, military and economic, in their hands. By using their opportunities as policemen, or again by giving or withholding foodstuffs and raw materials, they can for a time—and for a time only—fashion the political shape both of the liberated and of the enemy countries as they will.

It will be said that when the men of the Belgian Resistance Movement took to demonstrating under Communist leadership, General Erskine was bound to intervene. He could not allow an armed clash to occur, which in this heated atmosphere might well have led to civil war. Belgium is our base; our lines of communication pass through Brussels. It was imperative, then, that the peace should be kept—if necessary by British troops. But is it justifiable that General Erskine should disarm the 100,000 men of the Resistance Movement without imposing any conditions on the Ministry whose authority he is thus confirming? The Resistance leaders adopted the attitude which we all thought reasonable when the F.F.I. adopted it in its dealings with General de Gaulle. They asked to be incorporated in the regular army in their own units and under their own officers. This demand de Gaulle conceded. Why did M. Pierlot reject it? Whatever his reason may have been, it was not that Belgians are already making an adequate contribution to the military effort of the Allies. The help of these spirited young volunteers is needed as much in Belgium's interest as in ours. They are likely to make better military material than the officers of the old army, who were content to spend the past four years in acquiescent passivity under the Nazi yoke. But from M. Pierlot's standpoint these officers, drawn from his own class, may seem more reliable than the young men who defied the firing squads of the enemy under leaders who were often Communists.

The real issue turns pretty obviously on the class struggle in Belgium. The case against the Coalition Cabinet is comprehensively stated by the three Ministers who have resigned from it. They accuse it of something worse than weakness in its handling of the food shortage, its measures to suppress the black market and its purge of the collaborators in industry, the official world and the police. The fact is that collaboration was much more widespread in the Belgian middle class, ranging from the big industrialists to the farmers, than it was in France. It is also true that active resistance came from the Left much more exclusively than in France. All the available evidence goes to confirm these criticisms. The black market is universal and it is shameless. We note from recent newspapers that rationed food is actually diminishing from one week to another. There seems to be no attempt by Pierlot's Cabinet to confiscate the great fortunes made by collaboration. When we turned for a moderate view to the Socialist organ, *Le Peuple,* we found that it endorsed and repeated all the Communist criticisms. It argued, however, that "weakness" was the sole explanation and pleaded for a little more patience. It also said that a revised plan for social insurance, on the Beveridge model, is being drafted. This apology we do not find impressive. What is clear is that a struggle is going on between the younger generation, not yet chloroformed into patience, and its elders, tamed by the discipline of many coalitions. The gulf between age and youth happens to correspond on the whole with the class cleavage. The issue of power has been raised in its crudest form. Some of these young men are impatient idealists: others are hungry proletarians. That is why, at M. Pierlot's request, General Erskine is disarming them. Our armies went to Belgium to defeat the enemy and liberate our friends, not to serve the purposes of counter-revolution.

Western Offensive

Launched simultaneously by six armies on a front so extensive that weight must necessarily to some extent have been sacrificed for width, the Allied offensive in the West has disclosed both "soft" and "hard" spots in the enemy's defences. South of the Moselle, the brilliant French break-through at Belfort, combined with the American thrust from Lunéville towards Strasbourg, bids fair to liberate Alsace within a few days. The 19th German army in the Vosges can escape encirclement only by hurried retreat across the Rhine from the Swiss frontier to Baden; and this means that the (probably stronger) 1st army—its left flank thus uncovered, will have to pivot back to the Siegfried fortifications which run south-eastwards from Luxembourg to the Rhine at Karlsruhe, covering the Saar. The triangle which the enemy will thus have to hold is much longer than his line a week ago in Alsace; but he will certainly fight hard for the Saar. North of the Moselle, and divided from the Saar battle by the broken, hilly terrain of the Eiffel, the Allied attack has so far found no "soft" spot and has made relatively little progress either along the axis Aachen-Cologne or in the mud and floods of the German bridgehead west of the Maas. It looks at the moment as if the German High Command is inclined to stake heavily on an effort to keep the Allies out of artillery range of the Ruhr; and Goebbels' slogan, "Victory or Siberia," is stiffening German morale.

Liberation of Albania

With the German evacuation of Tirana, the Albanian partisans have almost completed the liberation of their country. Although they have received support from the Allied Balkan Air Force, isolated British landings and air-borne supplies, the guerrillas have conducted by far the greater part of their campaign on their own resources and initiative. Their units, which are reported to contain the surprisingly high total of 30,000 men, some of whom fought with Tito. During the Italian occupation, the Left Wing groups worked together with the nationalists, but when the Nazis took over in September 1943, this coalition came to an end. Nazi propaganda against the Red Bogey and against an alleged Allied decision to divide Albania won over some of the nationalist leaders to the support of the quisling administration in Tirana, whilst others such as Abaz Kupi adopted an equivocal position somewhat similar to that taken at one time by Mihailovitch in Yugoslavia. With their eclipse the stage has been dominated by the partisans of the National Liberation Front, led by General Enver Hoxha, who is both commander-in-chief and Premier of the provisional government recently established in Berat. Hoxha and one or two other members of the administration are Communists; the others are representatives of moderate Left groups. The partisan programme is one of agrarian radicalism. It proposes a thorough-going land reform to improve the condition of the peasantry; all mining concessions granted to Italy and Germany after 1925 are to be expropriated and either nationalised or worked by private firms under State supervision; the property of quislings is to be confiscated. The partisans are decidedly republican, and base their foreign policy on close collaboration with their neighbours, leading to the "future federation of the people's republics." A federal solution to the problems presented not merely in Albania, but also in Macedonia, by Greek territorial claims, seems to us the best hope for the Balkans. Greek policy has yet to be clarified, but the Bulgarian initiative for a customs union with Yugoslavia is a hopeful beginning

Palestine

The Prime Minister, who has a notable record of friendship for the Jewish cause, was moved by the brutal murder of Lord Moyne to utter a rather unnecessarily sharp warning to the mass of Jews. He urged them to co-operate in rooting out the terrorist gang. In this he will meet with a ready response from reputable Jewish leaders. But in view of current sentiment, Mr. Churchill should surely have added a word about the unparalleled miseries through which the Jews have passed and about their effect on the minds of the less stable members of the younger generation of Zionists. Many of the conditions exist in Palestine from which gangsterism commonly springs. And if there has been not all the co-operation in tracking down the terrorists that there should be, that is due in no small measure to the sense of frustration felt by many Jews, to their belief that the authorities have often been lax in putting down Arab terrorists. Sir Edward Grigg, who is now appointed to a dangerous and difficult post as successor to Lord Moyne, may well feel that the time has come for a clearer policy on the part of the British Government. The entire situation has been changed by the appalling success of Hitler's campaign against Jews throughout Europe. If it is true, as well-informed Jewish circles believe, that there will be no more than one and a half to two millions Jews surviving in post-war Europe (excluding Great Britain and Russia), then the argument about Palestine as a Jewish National Home takes on a new complexion. How many Jews will wish to return to Europe or to continue to live there after the war, no one can guess. But it is certainly no act of friendship to the Jews to expect them to return to the countries from which they have come, if that means that they have to demand the return of property taken away by the Nazis and since passed over to people of other nationalities. We believe that some partition of Palestine is inevitable, and that if an area is definitely marked out for the Jews (which should include desert regions which Jewish science can develop, and which the fourteenth-century methods of Arab husbandry cannot use), then, within that area, the Jews should be allowed to accept a far larger number of immigrants within a specified period of years. No large displacement of Arabs would be involved, and if the Arabs understand that the settlement is final, it should not be impossible to carry it through with a substantial measure of agreement.

Partial Disagreement

The "partial" draft, now published from Chicago, of an Air Convention, has a significant number of blank clauses. In the conversations between the British, American and Canadian delegations which have resulted in this draft, no agreement seems to have been reached on the two fundamental issues—how traffic quotas are to be allocated between national air lines, and whether operators of Country A may pick up traffic in Country B and carry it to Country C. So far as it goes, the draft represents a considerable victory for the American thesis that free competition should determine the development of international civil aviation. It is proposed, indeed, that all signatories to the Convention should renounce "the use of civil air transport as an instrument of national policy"; and the advisory international Board which is to be established would have the duty of collecting and publishing all information about overt or secret subsidies, and the right, in the last resort, to outlaw an operator who persistently cut the passage or freight rates on which operators (working in associations comparable to the various existing shipping Conferences) agreed. Subject, however, to the proviso that "most-favoured nation" treatment of air lines is to be the rule—i.e., that no operator may secure exclusive rights in any foreign country—the establishment of international air lines is to be open to every country and to be conditioned only by bilateral agreements with other nations. One looks in vain for any prospect of international control.

Factory Demobilisation

Mr. Bevin has followed up his White Paper on partial military demobilisation at the end of the German war with the promised parallel paper about civil demobilisation, which appeared just after the House of Commons had debated its predecessor. The main features of the scheme are the priority to be given to those who have been working away from home for more than three years under transfer arrangements, the intended call-up of the younger men for military service as they are released from the factories, the permission for women with family responsibilities and for elderly workers to leave ~~as~~ soon as the German war is over, the intention to abandon conscription for women, and the proposal to dispense at the earliest possible moment with the power of direction, though not with the control of engagements through the Employment Exchanges. The Essential Work Order is to be retained, and may be applied to new industries; and there are to be some (but how many?) releases of key workers needed for the re-establishment of civilian industries. This seems in general a good and sensible scheme, provided that it is well and impartially administered. Some of the priorities will not be easy to operate; and there is certain to be friction over the demands for the early release of key workers for reconstruction. But no scheme could avoid such difficulties, and on the whole Mr. Bevin deserves congratulation on his handling of a necessarily awkward problem.

BEVERIDGE'S NEW REPORT

"Full Employment in a Free Society"

On November 30 this journal, in conjunction with *Reynolds News*, will publish a 25,000 words Summary of Sir William Beveridge's new Report, written by himself, as a Sixpenny Pamphlet.

It presents the main facts and arguments in the Report in a style and length more easily understood by everybody. Readers are urged to order a copy now from any newsagent or bookshop, or from NEW STATESMAN & NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. (Postage 2d.)

Limelight on I.C.I.

The Committee on National Expenditure, in its latest report, has got in a good dig at the Chemical Controls and at I.C.I., by which they are in practice mainly dominated. Nominally subject to the Raw Materials Branch of the Ministry of Supply, these Controls are in actual working largely autonomous, and they are to a great extent in the hands of men, largely "dollar-a-year-men," drawn from I.C.I. and its associated and subsidiary companies. The Select Committee has not indeed shown that there have been, over a wide field, serious abuses of the new-monopolistic powers possessed *de facto* by I.C.I.; but it has raised an awkward question about the conditions under which "development contracts" have been granted to I.C.I. firms but not to certain of I.C.I.'s rivals. The "development contract" is a wartime invention by which a particular firm is granted a considerable sum for large-scale experimental work in "developing" the results arrived at by research work in the laboratory. It has much to recommend it; for "development" has been, in this country, the weakest link in the chain of application of scientific discovery to industrial processes. But evidently, the more important the function of "development" is, the less ought the State to allow grants for it to become the prerogative of would-be monopolists. It is said that one rival firm in particular was refused "development" grants because it refused to make full disclosures of its facilities to the Department—that is, in effect, to its larger rival. This type of industry, with its tendency to monopoly and its dependence on secret processes and patent rights, should be publicly owned.

Tinplates and Swansea

The merger between Richard Thomas's and Baldwin's raises problems of vital importance for South Wales, and especially for the Swansea area. Under the scheme, Richard Thomas's will take over Baldwin's, and will regain the independence which it lost when it got into financial trouble over the new strip mill at Ebbw Vale. The merger will make the combined concern virtual master of the Welsh tinplate and sheet industry, and is obviously meant to lead up to a great scrapping of obsolete plants, including those belonging at present to Baldwin's. The idea will be, first, to keep the big Ebbw Vale works fully employed, and secondly, it is to be presumed, to build one or more additional strip mills on the same, or improved, technical model. This highly necessary technical development, without which the tinplate industry cannot hope to compete successfully in world markets, raises the whole question of the future prosperity of the Swansea area; for unless a big strip mill is built in that area it seems likely to be left derelict, as far as its tinplate section is concerned. Accordingly, Welsh M.P.s are asking insistently whether the Thomas-Baldwin combine is to be allowed to carry through the rationalisation just as it pleases, or is to be subject to State control over its doings, including the location of new works as well as the closing of works which it regards as obsolete. In effect, the merger brings to a head those vital and still unsettled issues of reconstruction policy—the extent to which the State is to control (1) location, (2) investment, and (3) monopolies. If Swansea and other areas lose a vital part of their industries, are they to be compensated by the location of alternative industries for their populations under Government influence or control? Or how are these problems to be dealt with? Nobody knows; on all these issues the Coalition has yet to find a workable policy.

PARLIAMENT: Towards Civvy Street

Wednesday

By a happy irony, the debate on the Government's demobilisation scheme was initiated by Member of Italian ancestry—Lt.-Col. Profumo—who had returned for this purpose from the Italian front. He made a fluent and attractive speech, in march time rather than in the usual grave processional tempo of Parliamentary oratory. While welcoming the scheme in the main, he demanded (*a*) clarification of some points, (*b*) some basic changes.

No man will be released, even when his turn comes, " if his retention is considered necessary on military grounds." Colonel Profumo hoped that the term " necessary on military grounds " would not develop into " desirable on personal grounds " —or the most devoted and efficient might be penalised. He regretted that there was no concession for pre-war volunteers, Territorials and other " amateurs." Bevin replied: " The object of the Government is to release the maximum number possible under Class A "—all those who will be released, without vocational priority, on the age-plus-length-of-service basis—" and to continue to call up in sufficient numbers to enable this to be done." The more special favours are given—to Territorials, miners, ex-firemen or others—the more the speed of the general releases is slowed up.

Bevin argued similarly against the special preference for overseas service for which Profumo and many other Members pleaded. How could the largest number be got out most quickly? For one thing, " the largest part of the Army now either has been or is overseas." McCorquodale, winding up, put the Government case most clearly: " The fundamental objection to giving priority for overseas service is that its effect would be to put into early release groups far more men than could possibly be spared from the active theatre of war. . . . The problems of replacement and transport would become quite unmanageable." So many thousands would be disappointed.

Bellenger made a challenging and critical speech, deriding Bevin's assurance that there would be no " wangling " out by key men. Bevin came down heavily on this speech and on a newspaper article by the same Member. He pointed out the new anomalies and grievances which would be created if a special priority were given for overseas service, and claimed that he had kept the scheme simple as well as fair. If you " try to provide for every possible thing which may arise, you end up with miles of regulations and definitions, leaving no flexibility in the administration—with disastrous results." Others who contributed more or less helpfully to this debate (in which many more Members would like to have had the chance of displaying their solicitude for their Service constituents) were Gruffydd, Major Nield (also home specially from Europe), Haden Guest, Poole, Muff (who meandered sentimentally), Thornton-Kensley, Hugh Lawson, and Lipson.

Members were welcoming back Clem Davies, who had been away ill, and condoling with T. E. Harvey, the revered Quaker Member for the Combined English Universities, who was in his place in the House and asking questions on the morning after his sister had been killed by a flying bomb.

Bracken stated, in a written reply to Ellis Smith, that 22 Labour M.P.s had broadcast during 1944, and 56 non-Labour. The debates on Friday were the usual all-day Adjournment miscellany, ranging from foot-and-mouth disease to the desirability of having a single Minister responsible for Prisoners of War. Members are now enduring, with such patience as they can, the ten-day silence that precedes the prorogation of this long Parliament and the King's Speech that will immediately inaugurate its tenth session.

PONTIFEX MINOR

BUILDING ON SANDYS

THERE is a magnificent stir and bustle in the housing camp, as if the problem of the homeless were at last to be attacked—under a new General—with the urgency of a military operation. In the Memorandum on Temporary Accommodation, issued jointly by the Ministries of Health and Works for the guidance of local authorities, the Government displays acute sense of guilt and lively fear of electoral retribution. The families who have been separated by war service or who are now " occupying insanitary or overcrowded houses " must not have their patience overstrained, even though the pre-fabricated bungalows, which they are promised, will provide a maximum of only one living room and two fairly exiguous bedrooms. The production of four, generally similar, standardised models is to be pressed forward; and, since it is estimated that at least six months will be required for the preparation of the layout and development of sites, local authorities are enjoined to acquire, within the next six weeks, enough land, if possible, for the whole of their programme, or, at any rate, enough land for a first instalment of the bungalows. Delivery of these must be taken as soon as they are in manufacture, since no arrangements can be made for storage.

At first sight, there appears to be evidence here of new and welcome vigour on the part of the Ministries responsible for housing. Less reassuring, however, is the reflection that Mr. Sandys, now chosen to take control of one Ministry from Lord Portal's hands, has no special knowledge, so far as we can judge, of Works. Further doubt, moreover, as to the completeness and efficacy of the planning on which these temporary housing operations are based begins to arise when one looks at the financial clauses of the Memorandum. The local authority will provide the site and the necessary services, and the Government will build the bungalow, including its foundations. The local authority will receive the rent and will normally remit to the Government annually for each bungalow the sum of £23 10*s.* as a contribution to an estimated annual charge of about £68 which will fall upon the Ministry of Health for each of the ten years of the bungalow's projected life. The intention, apparently, is that the rents of these makeshift dwellings are to vary from place to place in conformity with existing disparities in the rents of permanent houses. In some cases, however, it is contemplated that sites will be so expensive that, so far from the local authority being able to make any contribution to the Ministry of Health, the Ministry will actually have to make annual payments to the local authority as a contribution towards site costs. That is to say, as a result of the Government's failure to institute any national scheme for acquiring land or assessing compensation for land acquired, not merely will tenants of identical, nationally-manufactured, standardised bungalows be required, quite illogically, to pay different rents, but we are asked to tolerate a situation in which landlords, in circumstances of national emergency, are allowed to extort such a price for land that the maximum rental obtainable will not cover even interest charges on the cost of the site.

Still graver concern, however, is occasioned by the guidance given to local authorities on how to select sites for the bungalows. It is suggested that they should be located on either: (i) sites earmarked for the erection ultimately of permanent houses; (ii) sites intended eventually to form a " green belt "; (iii) sites designed ultimately for industrial development, or (iv) undeveloped land. If the first course is chosen, it will mean that for ten years (the estimated life of the bungalows), permanent housing schemes will be obstructed. Action as in (ii) will, for ten years, deny to a town its necessary space for recreation. As for (iii), even if a plan existed for the location of industry, it would be difficult to sterilise for ten years land appropriate for needed factories. There is, consequently, a grave risk that local authorities, as the only way out of an otherwise insoluble dilemma, may be driven indiscriminately to buy up undeveloped land outside existing building limits, and thus accentuate the already deplorable sprawl of urban building.

In the case of smaller towns, it might be possible to avoid the worst features of faulty development if local authorities were able forthwith to acquire three concentric belts of land, of which the innermost would be for permanent housing, the next would be kept " green," and the outer ring would be for temporary bungalows, to be replaced, at the end of ten years, by permanent dwellings. But, apart from the fact that this would not meet the case of cities where the housing shortage, as a result of enemy action, is most acute and whose circumference is already too large, it is practically inconceivable that, between now and Christmas, local authorities can select and acquire bungalow sites in accordance with *any* well-considered plan. The authors of the Memorandum, yielding surely to a sense of irony, express the hope that nothing should be done to prejudice plans for permanent redevelopment or to interfere with existing " landscape features " which now add attractiveness to sites. It would be miraculous if these recommendations could be carried out by local authorities who are now bidden, in effect, to improvise haphazardly and helterskelter, without adequate powers, without sufficient financial resources, and without any sort of master plan. The Government's sense of urgency turns out to be merely a keen desire to shift responsibility to other shoulders.

REPORTS ON FRANCE

I. Socialist Conference

NO one who visited the Socialist Congress in Paris—the first to be held since 1940—can doubt the living reality of the movement. It was not only that it had representatives—women as well as men—from every district in France. Nor was it that in Daniel Mayer, the new general secretary, the party has a great organiser whose power of insight is only surpassed by his courage —a courage proven during the years of resistance. There is an effective relationship between the emigration and those who remained in France; in this aspect, the contrast with the Belgian movement is a striking one. The hold of men like Vincent Auriol, André Philip, Louis Lévy, Grumbach, is clear and undisputed. The great tradition built by Jaurès and Léon Blum—the latter, in his captivity, was perhaps the most vivid presence in the conference—has formed the source of a genuine and profound renovation. It was impossible to mingle with the delegates and not to feel that they are ready and eager for power.

First, it was a young conference; half the delegates, I should judge, were under forty. And it was a conference which had moving experiences to interchange. Here was a delegate who had only just left one of Pétain's prisons; there was one who had devoted himself to organising the escape of British and American airmen forced to bale out over France; there, again, was one who had lived in disguise on a farm in the South during the whole period of the German occupation. I saw men and women meet one another who for four years had not been certain that they had the right to hope for life. It was not merely a conference; it was also, for the overwhelming mass of the delegates, something like the birth of a new life.

The delegates did not hesitate to expel from the party all deputies who were guilty, or even suspect of collaborationism. Now and again there was a request that judgment be suspended; now and again some delegate rose to say that the deputy of his district had tried to make up for the original act of betrayal by some form of service to the Resistance movement. The conference would have none of these explanations. I do not think that a single plea of this kind ever managed to get a dozen votes from the six or seven hundred delegates who were there.

Mostly the discussions were in the nature of reports upon the Socialist position in the regions of France. It was evident enough from them that the life of the party has already begun very effectively to recover its versatility; and it was still more evident that the outcome of four years of clandestine activity had given a new and vivid interest to the discussion of first principles. The conference was adamant on one point: its hostility to collaborationalism in the four bitter years of occupation. But, this past, its mood was eager, generous and sympathetic. It voted unanimously for the swift revival of the International, and by the International it meant to include genuine Socialists from the enemy countries not less than from the friendly ones. It went on record as recognising the probable need for a long period of Allied occupation in Germany. But it was hostile to schemes of annexation, and anxious by some form of federalism both to make Europe into a unity and to render unnecessary the fantastic conflict for strategic frontiers in each generation. It was very interesting to note how much the delegates dwelt in the shadow of a third world war, and how profoundly they felt the urgency of taking what precautions our generation can take against its advent.

The problem of unity between Socialists and Communists was always in the background of discussions. I think it is a fair interpretation of the thoughts in the minds of the delegates if I say that they were generally prepared for that unity if they could be convinced that, in the next few years, the French Communist Party would find its spiritual centre in Paris and not in Moscow. Delegate after delegate spoke to me of the way in which the working-class was weakened by this fantastic division; but they were disturbed, as I think rightly disturbed, by the way in which the Communist operates on one set of moral principles with other Communists, and another set, which it is not easy to call ethical, when he deals with people outside the Party.

Let me say at once that the standing of Russia is very high among French socialists; they have, quite rightly, a full understanding of the immense contribution that Russia has made to victory. I should be inclined to guess that Mr. Churchill is a more living person than any of the Russians, more venerated, held in deeper affection. But I am confident that the status of the Soviet Union is outstanding; as I am confident that, given wisdom in our policy, there can be built an unbreakable alliance between France and Great Britain. That involves the necessity of Mr. Churchill not only urging that France becomes once again a Great Power; he must also take the necessary instrumental steps to enable its greatness to emerge. It means help in the building of a great French army; it means help in the reorganisation of French industry, and, as the necessary corollary of this, the swift reconstruction of French transport. Both in London and Washington it is an urgent matter, both psychologically and materially, to realise that a weak France is a hindrance to peace.

We who constituted the British Labour delegation to the conference can have no feelings save those of deep gratitude for the warmth and generosity of our reception. We were treated in that spirit of genuine fraternity which makes one understand how and why the Socialist idea can overpass the boundaries set by national frontiers. I certainly felt that French Socialism, if aided in a constructive way, could help enormously in the rebuilding of Europe. I doubt whether there has ever been a moment in French history when the people of France were more ready or more eager in their desire to complete the Revolution of 1789. I hope we shall understand, with the necessary magnanimity, that in the degree we aid Frenchmen to complete the Revolution, we lay the psychological foundations for ourselves of an enduring victory.

HAROLD J. LASKI

II. Outside Paris

MY journey to France has been a revelation to me, not only of her country and her people, but where this war may lead us when we finally win it. To me, the first thing that stands out is with what sympathetic—almost tender—interest the French listen to you when you tell them of the British war effort; of this, they naturally know very little. Secondly, I was very conscious of their own sacrifices, their efforts and their toil for the common cause—it gave me a feeling of solidarity between the French and us which I felt never existed in 1939.

Paris in contrast to London seems surprisingly lively when one first arrives. Externally, the capital has not suffered. But if you live with the French, as I did, you find that nearly every family has a son or a husband or a sister in Germany, either as prisoners or labour slaves or political deportees. These people face the fact that as war moves to ultimate victory, the fate of their prisoners and deportees may become tragic. Since the Allied advance on to German soil, the prison camps have been cut up into hundreds of little squares by barbed wire and the prisoners separated from each other. These new methods have forced a terrible moral isolation on the prisoners, and the French wonder what more the Nazis will do when the day of doom comes.

The most important and tragic change I found was the cleavage caused in the nation by the fact that Frenchmen, urged on by Vichy propaganda, became the betrayers of their own people, and, in many cases, even more violent gaolers than their German counterparts. For instance, a girl of 25, who is now deported to Germany, and of whom there has been no news, came of her own free will to Paris from the so-called "free zone." It was before the complete occupation. She told a friend of mine a few days before her arrest that she was happy to be there, in spite of the greater danger, because, as she said: "I see Germans here in Paris and I know they are responsible for all the horrors that are being done. In the south we see nothing but the hideous mask of patriotism."

The collaborators that are being tried are either the downright traitors or the crooks of the Black Market, but there are also the disciples of Charles Maurras, the *eminence grise* of Pétain, who greeted the defeat of the much-hated Republic. Many of these people are, and will remain, free. They were in favour of the Germans because they had put the old social order in a tin can, and they preferred to see the German flag on top of French buildings so long as they could quietly open their windows on the first of May without the shock of seeing a Red banner in the streets.

This "Bolshevik bogey" is one of the many "time-bombs" left by the Germans, played up by the *haute bourgeoisie* and worked upon by the "Fifth Column." This Fifth Column consists mainly of the Vichy *milice*, that is, Darnand's men, and German agents in hiding in the towns and in the country. It is a strange reversal of roles, for as the Resistance Movements come to the fore and act in the full light of day, the real villains go underground and try to practice the methods employed by the patriots. I was present in Paris when a British official asked Commandant Vaillant, one of the three organisers of the F.F.I., "What is the strength of the Communist danger?" Vaillant replied: "It is no danger if one is not afraid of it, and it is only as great as one makes it." Vaillant is, I may add, an aristocrat by birth and he leads a Resistance Group which has n political colour and is called *Ceux de la Résistanc*

The Resistance is the choice of the countr The country needs the inspired spirit and luc outlook that one finds among these *real* French men. Wherever I went in the provinces, nort west or south, I invariably found that it w these people of the Resistance who understoo there was still a war to wage. For instance, i the district of Toulouse, though the aircra industry had been put out of commission com pletely by our bombing in March and May, 1944 and before that sabotaged by the Maquis, I foun these factories working again.

Thanks to the efforts of the workers, they hav turned out over twenty fighter planes since th liberation and these are already in use. The firs plane was in the air six days after the German had been pushed out of Toulouse by the F.F.I. and was flown by a Maquis pilot against th enemy when the Germans were only 48 mile away. One of the factories I visited had, i 1939, an output of six planes a day, but due t sabotage and slowing down of production, onl 100 planes were produced during the whol occupation. This aircraft company was nationalised in 1938, and the only change since th liberation has been the election of workmen's committees, to represent their ideas to th *Direction* and give advice on the increase o output. These "production committees" which have existed here in Britain for a very long time and which have been of great national servic to us during the war, have been accepted for al factories in this district, which covers a tenth part of France and is sub-divided into eigh departments.

It is not surprising therefore that at one factor I visited in Toulouse itself, an attempt had bee made only a few hours before by a group o Darnand's men to raid and sabotage the works. The factory was saved by the *milice patriotiqu* formed from the workers themselves and working on a shift basis as do our fireguards. The men who told me their story were calm and sober about it, but they were determined not to be left defenceless before this very real danger.

The C.N.R., *Conseil Nationale de la Resistance*, was very conscious of this danger when M. Tixier, the Minister of the Interior, made the announcement for the Government that the *milice patriotique* must be dissolved. The C.N.R., by standing up to the Government on this point, was not following a Communist lead, for this council represents the entire Resistance movement within France—a movement that ranges from the extreme Right to the extreme Left.

Its leaders wish still to maintain this unity and were very conscious that if any one of them were forced into opposition it would be a very serious diminution of their strength. With the gigantic problems confronting the government and the country, they can ill-afford greater disorganisation or disunity.

First, there is the problem of communications which, though slowly improving, affects not only the industrial output, but the daily life of the individual. Not until I had seen the bombed bridges across the Seine and the Loire, the devastated harbour of Havre on the north coast, and the miles of wrecked railway lines and bombed marshalling yards, did I realise what a tremendous job this is. Yet in spite of every kind of difficulty, the achievements of the railway workers are truly miraculous, for not only have they assured military transport for the Allies since September, but daily they have delivered food to the capital and the country and they have re-established a limited passenger traffic.

Then the French have the tremendous problem of hundreds of thousands of refugees in Normandy who already are suffering terrible privations, and winter has only just begun. The desolation of these ruined towns of Normandy is beyond anything imaginable. There are no streets, nothing you can identify, just acres of space with monstrous excrescences. It reminded me of certain pictures

I had seen in the Russian documentaries of Stalingrad—the same mounds of rubble and the same emptiness, and yet life going on among the ruins. A hard life, for there is still little food, due to lack of transport, and often no coal or electricity. Many families still sleep and cook and eat in the open. These town and country people have to face a further winter of war without being organised or equipped for it as we are at home. If you could only see these problems as I did—children who don't know where their parents are, prisoners who trickle back from Germany unable to find their families, refugees in search of a roof. But everywhere there is a desire to pull together and to overcome these trials.

I also found a wonderful spirit among the youth of France; during my travels I spent a great deal of time with the F.F.I. I always found that, though they were badly clothed and poorly armed, their discipline was excellent. They had the same spirit that one finds among our Commandos and our airborne troops—a pride and confidence that never seem to be spoilt by any trace of arrogance. I talked with many of these young men, and I found that their one ambition was to go to the front and fight. I discussed subjects that concerned us both, Frenchmen and Englishmen; such as Germany, the war, the peace, the future. I always found them very sober, very hopeful, and very lucid in their answers.

I believe it is because France has this youth that she will once again rise in all her greatness. I believe it is these very people that we must back, for it is they who understand us, and who would, in another emergency, fight with us and for us. We must do everything we can to help these people of "good faith" who have understood that no country can stand alone and that an international outlook is essential for the future peace of all countries. These people of the Resistance knew how to keep faith through the most terrible trials, and therefore they deserve that we, who have been free, should have faith in them.

VERA LINDSAY

A LONDON DIARY

THE prolonged stay of H. H. Kung, Chinese Minister of Inflation, and his formidable family on the American continent had led many of China's well-wishers to hope that changes were impending in Chungking. His departure from the Ministry of Finance certainly represents a step in the right direction; so does the appointment of General Cheng instead of General Ho, who was known to be one of the most reactionary of the Kuomintang generals. It is to be hoped that T. V. Soong's appointment as a Minister of State means that he is restored to favour; that would be a really important step in improving the relations of Chungking and the West. Wang Shih-chieh, who becomes Minister of Information, is the charming and liberal-minded man who led the good-will mission to this country. Another interesting Chinese event is that the People's Council has sufficiently asserted itself to be able to choose five representatives to go to the Chinese border regions, where the so-called Communist administration impresses visitors, American, British and Chinese alike, by its honesty, efficiency and desire to fight the Japanese. Amongst them is Hu Lin, the Editor of the *Ta Kung Pao*, who was also a member of the good-will mission here, and who impressed me as the most independent and forthright Chinese I had met for many a long day. All these changes following the departure of General Stilwell are encouraging. But they are very far from constituting that revolution in the outlook of Chungking which would be necessary to create an efficient Chinese army, and to heal the internal breach which now so lamentably weakens Chinese resistance and creates difficulties between Chungking and her Western Allies. Remember that changes in the Chinese Cabinet are only important if they reflect changes in the Kuomintang.

What Mr. Churchill used to call the mugwumpery of the B.B.C. has been very much reduced lately, and genuine controversy has begun. A few years ago it would have been impossible to imagine the B.B.C. allowing young people from America and Britain honestly to discuss sex relations. Yet that is what they did in last week's "To Start You Talking" programme. Political controversy has also begun on an adult level; many of the features seem to me excellent and no one can complain that there is no good music as well as more popular entertainment. No doubt one reason for improvement is the threat to introduce commercial broadcasting on the American pattern. The *Economist* has had a series of interesting articles discussing this problem, and suggests a new type of commercial competition on the wireless. I think its argument leaves out of account the fact that after the war we shall not, in any case, be insulated from commercial radio; it will be only too audible from Luxembourg and Ireland, where the Americans are said to be negotiating for a "sponsored" programme. I am all against the proposal, which I notice is particularly pressed by the representatives of Big Business in the House of Commons, to throw our wireless to the advertising wolves. The competition of neighbouring stations will serve to keep the B.B.C. up to scratch; I don't think the *Economist* need worry about that. After the war I should like to see more powerful British stations under subsidiary directorates of the B.B.C. with much more money to spend. Instead of the two National and the various local Regional stations we had before the war, there is no reason why we should not have half a dozen first-class stations offering independent services, so that people anywhere in these islands could at any time pick and choose amongst a variety of non-commercial programmes. Those who like their Beethoven interspersed with corset advertisements could switch on the uncensored radio of Eire.

* * *

I am glad that Michael Foot and George Strauss have had a chance in the columns of the *Times* to attack the Tory pretence that all parties equally share the blame for the policy that led up to this war. It is the most awful nonsense. The Conservatives were in power continuously from 1931 and won the 1935 election by falsely promising to prevent the aggression of Mussolini in Ethiopia. The Left was quite definite about the policy of collective security and the Russian Alliance, which alone could have stopped this war; Mr. Churchill was rather late in adopting Labour's policy. The case which Labour too seldom makes for itself is that it wanted to stop German rearmament, which the Tories did not want to do. It also wanted general disarmament, which the Tories also professed to want, but actually opposed. The Left is, however, vulnerable on this subject; it is vulnerable because it continued too long to oppose rearmament after the Tories had destroyed the League, and it is a legitimate point that the Left made the same mistake as the Tories in not demanding action against Hitler at the most critical moment when Hitler re-occupied the Rhineland in 1936. But whatever play the Tories can make of these weaknesses, they cannot be made into a counter to Labour's indictment of the Tory pro-Fascist and pro-Nazi, anti-Soviet, anti-collective security policy. Nor have Tories anything to say when we point out that some of us agitated against sending to Nazi Germany the metals from which arms are made—from 1933 onwards. Uncontrolled, the materials of war poured into Germany right up to the eve of the war. A correspondent in the *News Chronicle* last month (October 17th) reproduced the following extract from that paper:

> Huge German orders for rubber and copper were executed in London yesterday, regardless of cost. The buying of nearly 3,000 tons of copper sent the prices rocketing up 18*s*. 9*d*. to £44 18*s*. 9*d*. a ton. Already Germany has bought over 10,000 tons this month in London alone.

The date of this quotation was August 19th, 1939! Since then hundreds of thousands of Allied civilians and soldiers have been killed with the bullets and bombs which made profits for Allied shareholders.

* * *

It was generally felt that Herbert Morrison scored neatly off Pritt when the latter asked him about a group of Fascists who are alleged to be organising a League of ex-Service men and women on an anti-Semitic basis. Morrison explained that one of these men, detained in May 1940, had been released unconditionally in the following August, and that Pritt had himself "made representations in a letter dated June 25th, 1940, asking that the release of this man should be considered." Pritt has sent me the text of his letter asking about this man. The letter reads:

> A constituent of mine, Mrs. ——, has written to ask me to take up the case of her husband, ——, who has been detained as a Fascist. . . . It may seem odd to you to have a request for an enquiry into this man's case coming from me, but his wife assures me that in fact her husband gave up his political activities at the beginning of the war, and that he has done nothing since. She left him for some time on account of these activities, but they were subsequently reconciled on his promising to break his connection with the Fascist Union, and she tells me he did in fact keep his promise. His job is still open for him, but he will lose it if he is not released soon, and his wife has three children and is in great financial difficulty. I wonder whether, in spite of the overwhelming mass of work with which your department has to deal at present, they could look into this case and see whether a mistake has been made or not?

Mr. Pritt seems to have been performing his Parliamentary duties in a very proper manner.

* * *

I heartily agree with most of Arnold Lunn's letter published this week on another page. I did not suggest that Switzerland wanted to be pro-Fascist; far from it. I said that the Foreign Minister, who had resigned, had the reputation of favouring Mussolini, and I should have thought it was agreed that Swiss foreign policy had long been anti-Soviet and that from necessity it has been "neutral on the side of the Fascists" during the war. That that is not the spirit of the country I fully agree. In fact, Switzerland has given hospitality to refugees, including Silone, in spite of enemy pressure, and she has done much in the way of relief, particularly in France. On Switzerland, Arnold Lunn speaks with a knowledge and authority that is notably lacking when he talks about politics. Those who love Switzerland should read *Switzerland and the English* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.), which I have myself thoroughly enjoyed. His discussion of mountain scenery, the comparison between the views of the Greeks with those of Ruskin and modern writers on natural beauty, is a peg on which he hangs a delightful anthology of quotations from writers of many periods. The part of his book that I most enjoyed was his account of the origin of ski-ing in Switzerland—he was one of the creators of ski-ing as a sport—and above all his delicious stories of the quarrels among members of the Alpine Club. *Odium Alpinum*, he says, is as bitter as *Odium theologicum*, and much more comic.

* * *

A correspondent, recently bereaved, sought companionship through the medium of a famous Scottish newspaper. He offered the following advertisement:

> Flat, furnished, central, would be shared communally with married couple on terms of intimacy with William Cobbett, William Morris, "Saki," T. E. Lawrence, and Mrs. Beeton.

The counter clerk informed him she could not accept it. He then referred her to the Supervisor, who, having perused the prospective "ad." frowningly demanded "*do all these persons live in your house?*"

CRITIC

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

WESTERN UNION BENEFITS

This is a reply to an article by Mr. Brailsford, published in our last week's issue, criticising the project for union between Britain, France, Belgium and Holland.

A LINGERING Versailles hang-over is not conducive to clear thinking about the actualities of 1944. In his choice of arguments against a Western Union, Mr. Brailsford allows disenchanted idealism, coupled with sorrow over milk spilt in 1919, to blind him to realities. The result, exhibited in his article last week, is a curious blend of Utopianism and pessimism which lead him to forget, or refuse to see, that the best may be the enemy of the attainable good.

He criticises the Western Union project on four main grounds. (1) In terms of military advantage it is unnecessary, since Germany, at worst, cannot be a danger to her neighbours for a generation. (2) Economically and politically it would be undesirable in that it would bisect the unity of Europe—a unity whose focal point, it is implied, lies between Rhine and Oder. (3) It would mean creating a new loyalty, prejudicial to the obedience which a World Authority should command. (4) By strengthening (an *ex hypothesi* aggressively Imperialist) Britain, it would accentuate the danger of conflict between the Big Three in regions of the world—e.g., Middle or Far East—where "the crude issue of relative power" is likely to arise.

Now, whatever opinion may be entertained of Germany's powers of recuperation or (for that matter) of her 1970 psychology, there seems to me to be no good reason why Britain, France, Belgium and Holland should not re-insure themselves, by concerting the collective use of their armed forces, against possible failure of a World Authority to protect the Atlantic Region of Europe from aggression. Nor (unless Brailsford means that only the weak are obedient) is it clear to me why members of a Western Union should be more disloyal to a World Authority because they have eschewed disunity among themselves. Nor, again, can I see why a clash of national interests in, say, China should be more likely to lead to an Anglo-Russian, Anglo-American or Russo-American war simply because of the establishment of a Joint British, French, Dutch, and Belgian General Staff.

The *possibility* of future wars between the Big Three doubtless exists. It is *conceivable* that the combined military resources of the Western Union might be used to attack the U.S.S.R. or the Atlantic seaboard of the U.S.A. But why should the partners in the Western Union collectively behave with greater wickedness or lunacy than might, in theory, be displayed individually by their Governments? Unless Mr. Brailsford's conviction is that Britain and her potential European associates are peculiarly liable to break the peace unless they are impotent to defend even their legitimate interests, I cannot see in the Western Union's relatively modest, prospective military resources any valid cause for Russian or American apprehension. Moreover, even were British policy suspect, M. Bidault's speech, this week proves that France, whose leading figure is Stalin's awaited guest, aims at close amity with the U.S.S.R.

There remains the more substantial argument that Europe would be bisected. This is an interim development which seems to me inevitable in any case unless (*a*) Russia renounces all idea of a sphere of influence west of the Vistula and Dniester; and (*b*) post-war Germany is permitted to retain an industrial potential capable of serving, as before, the needs of primarily agrarian Eastern and South-Eastern Europe. Neither of these conditions is likely to be fulfilled. In time the whole Continent may evolve an integrated economy (in which regard will have to be paid to the role of the U.S.S.R. as an eventual exporter of manufactures), but a comprehensive European Federation is at present a remote conception. Why not begin with the Western Union as a nucleus? Errors committed at Versailles cannot be righted now by endeavouring to build a Continental system round a Reich which will have lost in World War II the physical power (let alone the question of cultural title) to exercise economic leadership.

If one is to look for political difficulties and dangers in the Western Union conception, there are plenty to be found without dragging in the really irrelevant question of the future of Germany. The Union, I concede, would hinder rather than promote the larger European Federation which should be our ultimate objective, unless it were open freely to accessions by other European States. On the other hand, it would be neither viable nor productive of good unless there were a certain homogeneity of political outlook among its member Governments. The club could not comfortably contain democracies and totalitarian regimes under one roof, and "Union" would be a misnomer if the States Members pursued positively discrepant policies in relation to the African and Asiatic peoples under their flags. It is obvious, too, that the project would be still-born if its organisation presupposed the exercise of hegemony within the Union by a single Member—the impression unhappily conveyed by the advocacy of General Smuts.

How serious these political obstacles will be, we cannot tell until we know the complexion of the Governments which Britain and her Continental neighbours will elect after the war. But it is in "after the war" terms that we are talking. Mr. Brailsford's instinctive reaction to a post-war Western Union is to regard it suspiciously as, primarily, a military alliance: mine is to see in it, first and foremost, an economic unification which is essential if either Britain, France, Belgium or Holland are to retain, on terms tolerable for their workers' standard of living, their political and cultural influence in the world, the commerce on which they depend, and the colonies to which they have owed a position of power and prosperity disproportionate to the size of their populations. It is not so much a question of the advantages of pooling armed forces for defence—though there will be mighty little butter for the projected partners in Western Union if they try individually to maintain enough guns for their security against the unpredictable contingencies of the next twenty years. Leave the burden of navies, armies and air forces out of account: what chance have Britain and the states of Europe's western seaboard to secure, except within a fiscal and monetary union, enough bread for their peoples in the post-war world?

The war in Europe and the Pacific will end with two Powers—the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.—indisputably "Big" in terms of population and material resources. The immediate problem for Russia will be the reconstruction of her devastated areas, for America the avoidance of an acute unemployment crisis by an intensive, not to say, aggressive, export policy. Britain, like her Continental neighbours, will have colonial possessions containing important raw materials, and in the world's councils she may claim to speak with the authority of titular head of a great Commonwealth. But the British colonial Empire does not form, with Britain, a self-sufficient market; and, however strong the ties of sentiment which link the Dominions to the Mother Country, the economic nexus of the self-governing Commonwealth is frail. Peace will find France, Belgium, and Holland bled white by years of German occupation and the destruction of war. It will find Britain materially less ravaged but burdened with immense commitments of blocked sterling balances owed to India, Egypt and South America, apart from indeterminate Lend-Lease obligations to the U.S.A., whose political and commercial leaders do not disguise their intention of "making this an American century," and whose present overwhelming resources in credit, foodstuffs, shipping, civil aircraft and manufacturing capacity give them the ability to attain this objective—if need be at the "Old World's" expense.

To what conclusion are we led? Not, I suggest, that a Western Union, with all its colonial dependencies, should aim at commercial self-sufficiency behind an impossible tariff wall, nor that its policy should be aggressive trade war with the United States or, at a later stage, with the U.S.S.R. That attitude would be incompatible with the maintenance of good international relations, and for the Western Union itself an attitude of economic Sinn Fein would spell impoverishment. But there is all the difference between liberalism in commercial policy and inability to bargain on terms of equality. The attitude of the United States, evinced already at the Chicago Conference on civil aviation, is frankly one of economic imperialism. The one chance I see of avoiding tariff wars and securing the orderly development of the world's import-export trade is if a Western Union, with the great combined resources it would command, is able to influence the shaping of international trade policy.

Admittedly there are serious difficulties which would have to be overcome even in the economic sphere before a Union could operate effectively and smoothly. It would be necessary to reconcile the interests of agriculturalists in the Dominions with those of, say, Holland or (if she acceded) of Denmark. There would have to be a working agreement between steel-makers in France, Belgium and Britain. At all times the member States would have to pursue a common policy (aimed at full employment) in relation to credit and capital investment. It may well be that the economic fusion which is proposed would be impracticable if private enterprise in large-scale industry predominated in any one of the participating nations; for, quite apart from the fears which Left parties on the Continent have already expressed lest British capitalists would in effect control the Union's destinies, an essential condition of successful unification would be planning and control of imports and key production. But before deciding that these difficulties are likely to be insuperable, I suggest that we ask ourselves whether the road to post-war recovery will be easier if Britain and her Continental neighbours endeavour disunitedly to scramble for opportunities and favours in a world economy in which the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. possess, between them, the big battalions.

AYLMER VALLANCE

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to H. Lidington.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turntile, W.C.1.

Ministers have been impressed by the evidence from the Forces of the urgency the troops attach to having homes to return to.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Keswick Council has asked that books by German authors, including *Mein Kampf*, in the county free library should be removed until after the war. —*Manchester Guardian.*

It may not be generally known that Aylesbury has a distinct link with the famous Field-Marshal, for there lie buried in the north-east part of the churchyard two of his great-great-aunts.—*Aylesbury Parish Magazine.*

"Certainly there are girls in —— Lodge who have fallen, but just because a girl has been immoral there is no reason to suppose that she is an entirely abandoned soul. It may well be that she is just more attractive and more socially minded."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE WRECKAGE WIND

We heard that the body of a German airman had been washed up somewhere near Slyne Head. Word went along the beaches, but the coastguards were prompt and Slyne Head is difficult to reach when the big winds are blowing, so nobody saw the body taken up or knew what had become of it. It was only one of the many strange, useless or macabre objects which come in with the wreckage wind from the south-west.

Nothing is despised. In that treeless land even fragments of firewood are precious, and are picked out, crusted with barnacles, from the seaweed and carried home in sacks. Some strange objects occasionally come to shore, tangled in the long gleaming leather straps of ocean weed. Once it was bales of cotton wool, not bad quality, but rusty and sea-sodden, so that nobody could think of a good occasion for it. Another time it was bundles of sheet rubber, hardly damaged at all, and this went like lightning and was cut into rough footwear for the children.

Once two lifeboats came in, empty, and were sold at once by auction in the nearest town, and a horse was washed up one morning and lay there stinking and swollen until its bones were picked clean by the gulls. There was much circumstantial talk of a troopship which has been torpedoed, an American, full of men and horses; but it turned out to be Festy O'Malley's horse from fifteen miles away, which had died in the course of nature and been put in the sea because where else would you put the creature on that stony coast, unless you had dynamite itself to blast it a sepulchre? Mostly the trophies were of a small and sad description—bits of wood and panelling from ships, trimmed with veneer and beading, a keyboard with hooks and painted numbers, scraps of cabin fittings.

A barrage balloon came in one evening in the year 1941 during a storm. We first saw it about three miles out, grey, monstrous, agitated, walking the waters in a veil of rain and making for Bunowen, God knows what it was doing, driving in on the west of Ireland from the Atlantic. We watched it from the cliffs as it advanced over the rough sea, bowing and stumbling, and soon saw that we were not the only watchers. Black dots appeared on other promontories and on further beaches, and as we scrambled over stone walls to be in at the kill we were questioned by frightened women in cabin doorways. The invasion?

It lifted itself off the sea on the far side of Bunowen, trailing its navel string, and limped dubiously over a few fields, clearing the rough walls like a thinking creature, and then, just touching the grass, walked ludicrously up the side of the bare hill. It reached the summit, brushed gently against the side of the cement pillbox from which the Government coast watchers keep ceaseless vigil (startling them very much because they were invigilating from the opposite window), rolled wearily down the other side, crossed the road, and sank in a shuddering collapse on the edge of the bog.

There was some ill-feeling about its choice of that particular spot to come ashore, when it had the whole wild unwatched coast to choose from. The Government men tore down the hill and set off on their bicycles for the nearest telephone, leaving one in charge of the huge amorphous airborne jellyfish at the side of the road, with the result that guards came out and there was not so much as a square yard of silk for the inhabitants. Next morning it was deflated and removed by the military in a lorry.

Perhaps a week after the news of the drowned airman we heard that he had been buried in the Protestant cemetery. Nobody took much interest. The Protestant cemetery is a dead area, without character; nobody goes there, and you could spend years in the place without once seeing the derelict gates unlocked or hearing that the silent church had even been opened. The graveyard itself has only a handful of graves, with here and there a forbidding granite memorial to prove that Protestants have actually lived and died. Nobody ever cuts the grass; it is neglected; living attention is focussed on the Catholic church at the other end of the village, and local funerals wind out to the ancient rabbit-rotten sandy graveyard at the edge of the beach. Looking over the stone wall one could hardly tell that the shaggy turf had been disturbed and another mound added, and soon the tough sea grass and the nettles together were covering the scars.

Some time later, when we were buying sago and bootlaces in the post office, a smart green motor car scattered the chickens in the doorway and a young chauffeur in foreign-looking uniform came in and saluted Mrs. Doyle at her counter. In polite unnatural English he confirmed the name of the village and then begged to be directed to the Protestant cemetery. He had passed it, Mrs. Doyle said, and she went outside the door with him and pointed. The car reversed, giving us a view of a massive muffled figure in the back seat, and slid smoothly away down the road by which it had come.

"That would be the German Minister," said Mrs. Doyle. "That was a German uniform he was wearing."

"Oh, surely that was a chauffeur, Mrs. Doyle? Perhaps the Minister is the one in the back of the car."

"Ah, not at all. That was a woman he had with him, a big, stout woman. Never fear, that was the Minister himself in his German uniform. He will be visiting the grave."

Amused by our ignorance she showed her yellow teeth at us and retired into her lair behind the post office partition.

Curious, we went into the sun-bright road and stared after the green car. At the cemetery gate the chauffeur had opened the door for a big man in a long overcoat, and now had reached a large white cardboard box out of the boot and was opening that, too. What could they be doing? We idled shamefacedly after them, wheeling our bicycles, turned down the rough track at the corner of the cemetery and came to a casual standstill at a gap in the wall.

Someone, perhaps the old woman from the cottage opposite, had unlocked the gate, for the big man and his chauffeur were inside, stepping irresolutely about in the rough grass with an air of distaste. The chauffeur carried a flat laurel wreath tied with a red ribbon in his left hand. Presently they found what they were looking for, and the chauffeur handed the wreath to the big man and fell back several paces. The man laid the wreath on the hummock, removed his hat for a second, put it on again, unbuttoned the breast of his overcoat and drew out a small flat camera suspended round his neck on a leather strap. The chauffeur strolled away and smoked a cigarette in the road.

The big man fiddled with his camera for a bit and held it up to his eye. Then he snapped up the leather case and went back to the car, buttoning his coat. The chauffeur trod on his cigarette and opened the door, and in a moment we heard it slam and saw the car slide off and grow small along the flat, white, narrow road and finally lose itself in the low-lying purple and green distance between the potato-fields and the sea.

When everything was quite still again, and we were fairly sure that nobody would see us, we climbed through the gap in the wall and went with a sense of guilt to look at the grave. I think we had a vague feeling that we should discover something; that there would be a card tied to the wreath, perhaps, with a name on it; that the diplomat with the camera must have left some clue to identify the nameless body beneath the grass. But no: there was nothing tied to the wreath but the red ribbon. Had these official visitors, then, known no more of him than we did?

We stood and stared at the grave in uneasy silence. How strange, how lonely, how cold to lie in the indifferent Protestant cemetery to which the sea has brought you. We are your mourners, alien, impersonal; we do not know you. We suppose only that you were young; that you were lost, and saw the strange coast with dismay, perhaps with horror; that you knew the coldness of its sea before you died, and were carried unresisting into the long weeds and the rocks, guided by the wreckage wind through the fringed barrier. Nobody will ever know your thoughts; and in some German home, eventually, that snapshot will arrive, bearing its routine message, and be slid slowly under the glass of a photograph on the mantelpiece—the photograph of a young man in uniform who may not even be you, but what difference will that make? He will be dead like you—you will have that in common. The same symbol will serve to console any mother or wife. It will comfort them to have proof of your Protestant burial.

MARGARET LANE

THE MOVIES

"An Italian Straw Hat," at the London Film Institute Society

"A Song to Remember," at the New Gallery

Two early Chaplins, *Easy Street* and *The Cure*, put us in exactly the right mood to enjoy *An Italian Straw Hat*; for it was from these very films and others of the *genre* that Clair must have drawn inspiration. Charlie himself doesn't change, though in those days his mop was thicker and his feet more ailing. We laugh as much as ever at those adventures in a back street rivalling the Gorbals, the battle of thugs and cops, the promenade to the Mission (note how king thug moves over graciously to the right of his lady, as they walk off!); but equally with the fun there is the charm and caricature of period. This, instead of diminishing, grows ever brighter. Did you ever see such beards and whiskers and flounces, such flirtation, such behind kicking, such interiors? In 1917? Perhaps not, for the humour harks back to Whitechapel at the turn of the century. Like Dickens, it was old-fashioned to start with. The makeshift creation embodies a period of its own, one of the very few indestructible things in celluloid. It was this, as much as Charlie's natural genius, that caught the eye of Clair when, in 1927, he set out to make his first ambitious trifle, *Chapeau de Paille*. The slapstick, the caricature, the melodrama, the dresses, the interiors are all there, but brought together with a subtle relish, crowned with wit. The extravagant background (with no Charlie in front) becomes foreground, and instead of picaresque misadventure we are given a set of characters and as well-contrived a story as any that has graced the screen.

The incidents in *An Italian Straw Hat* aren't simply piled on to make us laugh, they branch naturally from the entanglement of the young man who, on his wedding day, has to chase round in carriages and hat shops, innocently, of course, in search of a rare model. Every moment of the day, from the early morning when people are dressing up to the triumph of orange-blossom and myrtle round about midnight, is replete with comedy of the freshest, fizziest kind. Those who prefer draughts of medium-dry, may even put this gay little piece before the more sentimental films that followed; though I shouldn't myself. It is in its way faultless and no one except Clair could have sustained and unwound so daintily complications that are only removed from farce by the instinct for wit and poetry. The whole of that memorable day is magically resumed in the close-ups of white gloves and patent-leather boots as the horses go clop-clop through the evening streets. Clair doesn't, as does nearly every other comedian, repeat his jokes once too often: on the contrary, here they form thin and unbreakable threads to lead us to the finish. That eager and nervous gentleman who has been fidgeting all day over his one splendid glove, at last finds the other, in an outside pocket, on the way home. The old gentleman's ear-trumpet and tendency to be sick, the bride's father's pinching footwear, the shocked valet, the gimlet-eyed lady

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who has eyes for nothing except her husband's made-up tie which is coming loose, the bride herself in love with a man who rushes away from the Mairie and the wedding breakfast apparently in pursuit of other women: these and a hundred other traits lead us in and out of one situation after another and unwind beautifully. I have rarely heard a Film Society audience laugh as much as this one did over the incidents at the Mairie during the address to the happy couple. *An Italian Straw Hat* is due for a run in Oxford Street, and I hope it gets it; though casual visitors, I suppose, will be shocked to see a silent film in an age of yap. I could wish personally that the average talkie, with so little to say, would be silent too.

The art of miscasting reaches new levels in *A Song to Remember*, a film about Chopin and George Sand. Not long ago we had Katharine Hepburn as a Chinese patriot, and here is Miss Merle Oberon in the role of George Sand. She gives a puzzled vixenish performance of a lady wearing "pants" before her time: about as remote from the author of *Consuelo* and *Elle et Lui* as I imagine it would be possible to be. One can't quite see Flaubert addressing Miss Oberon as "Chère maître, bon comme du bon pain." The others have been sentimentally twisted. However, Chopin isn't, as you might expect, Mr. Wallace Beery or Mr. Cesar Romero, but a quite musicianly hero called David Cornell, and the recordings are a pleasure to listen to.

William Whitebait

DEAR ARCHIE, DEAR ERNEST . . .

Efforts to reunite the Liberal party and the National Liberal party have failed. The reasons are explained in letters between Sir Archibald Sinclair and Mr. Ernest Brown. *Manchester Guardian.* Nov. 21.

Dear Archie sends a letter,
  Dear Ernest a reply,
Dear Archie thinks it better
  That they should say good-bye;
Dear Archie has been downright,
  Though sparing in abuse,
He puts dear Ernest Brown right
  About the Party truce.

Dear Archie, to be candid,
  Says Liberals must blush
To see their Party branded—
  Tarred with the Tory brush.
Dear Ernest with plain-speaking
  Confirms the Party cleft—
He fears dear Archie's seeking
  Alliance with the Left.

Dear Ernest for election
  With Tories must combine,
And take with genuflexion
  The Coalition line;
Ex-Liberals devoted
  Who follow Ernest's cue,
Must all be thickly coated
  With Coalition glue.

At Liberal Headquarters
  They take dear Archie's lead,
Dear Ernest's tied supporters
  Are very sparse indeed.
Dear Ernest's subterfuges
  Dear Archie notes with shame,
His Tory-coupon stooges
  Besmirch the Party name.

Dear Ernest mourns the break-up
  When talks had gone so far;
Dear Archie forced the shake-up
  And placed them where they are.
Peace can be bought too dearly,
  Despite a hopeful start
And so with Yours Sincerely,
  The worst of friends must part.

Sagittarius

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Correspondence

WESTERN UNION

Sir,—If "in handling the problems of power and peace we must rely on the world-wide organisation of the United Nations and on it alone," as Mr. Brailsford informs us in your current issue, then we can say goodbye to any hope of lasting peace. Is Mr. Brailsford really so little of a cynic that, with the lesson of 1931–39 in mind, he can still believe that States will necessarily take joint action because they have pledged themselves to do so? What is there in the Dumbarton Oaks arrangements more than in the Covenant of the League of Nations that, if the will is lacking, will compel its members to keep their pledges? The teeth may be there, but they are joint, not common teeth, and unless their owners continue to want to use them jointly they will not be so used.

If the United Nations organisation is to work, it must be buttressed by much closer regional arrangements as envisaged in the Dumbarton Oaks conversations, and one of these regional arrangements must obviously be in Europe. In Europe nothing short of real constitutional union, with common control of all armed forces, bases, and arms production, and common powers of economic planning, will in the long run secure permanent peace.

There is much loose talk these days of a Western Union, by which seems to be meant a British sphere of influence in Western Europe to be counterbalanced by an Eastern sphere under the leadership of Russia. Mr. Brailsford fears the establishment of a Western Union because it would bisect Europe and thus sow the seeds of the next world war. If that were the proposal made by those who are working for real European union he might be justified in his fears. But it is not. From whom does the suggestion of mere Western Union come? Certainly not from the European Resistance Movements who are planning for a European Federal Congress when the war in Europe is over. They talk in terms of a European Federation "based upon a declaration of civil, political and economic rights" which "must from the beginning be open to all countries which entirely or partly belong to Europe and which wish to join it and are qualified to do so." Certainly not from Federal Union, whose immediate aim is the promotion of a democratic federation of Europe as part of the post-war settlement.

Such a federation could not stop short at Britain's immediate neighbours in the West. It might be initiated by reopening the offer of union made by this country to France in 1940 and extending it to include Belgium, the Netherlands and Norway, but only on the condition that acceptance be followed immediately by an effort to secure the accession of every other European democracy, which, it may be hoped, would eventually mean every other European State.

Mr. Brailsford makes a categorical statement that Russia is against the establishment of a European Federation. To the best of my knowledge what Russia has said she will not tolerate is an Eastern European Federation covertly, if not overtly, designed to keep her out of Europe. Russia's paramount interest is peace. A united Europe whose States cannot fight each other and menace that peace in the process is greatly to Russia's advantage. It is true that the Czechs and other non-Russian Slavs look to the West for their culture while desiring the closest and most friendly relations with the Soviet Union. Their membership of a democratic European Federation would ensure its co-operation with its great Eastern neighbour, on whose continued friendship its success would largely depend.

Through their federal government the European peoples could be jointly represented on the Security Council of the United Nations organisation and could make a common contribution to the defence of world peace.

Europe could also come into the Economic and Social Council as a unit. Without federal government who would control the European Economic Council of Mr. Brailsford's dreams? The trouble with functional federation, which he seems to favour, is that it is the negation of democracy. Unless we are to set up huge new international monopolies, the organs which control transport, power, marketing and schemes of international public works must themselves be under popular control. Economic federation can function satisfactorily (from the point of view of the peoples as distinct from the governments) only in the framework of political federation, which ensures that there is a Minister in charge of the various economic undertakings who is answerable for their conduct to the representatives of the peoples in the federal parliament. If we believe in democracy, we must believe that all power resides ultimately in the people. If we believe that, then popular control must be assured, and popular control in the international sphere can be assured only by representative super-national government.

1, Alvanley Gardens, N.W.6. F. L. Josephy

TEACHERS' SALARIES

Sir,—You state that "A real step is thus proposed for giving teachers a better status in the community and attracting a better range of applicants to a profession which surely needs the best men and women it can get."

This is simply not true of Maintained Secondary Schools. The proposed basic maximum of £525 (with the meagre addition of £30 for a university degree) compares most unfavourably with that offered to a first or second class honours man in almost any other profession.

The schoolmaster preparing boys for University work needs the same education as the Administrative Civil Servant, who has reasonable hopes of a salary of £1,500 per annum. In other professions—the law, medicine, etc.—a man should expect to earn £1,000 per annum at the age of forty or forty-five.

Thus only a few of the richer public schools with their own salary scales will be able to attract first-class men, and the gap between them and Maintained Secondary Schools will widen enormously. The whole spirit of the Education Act is thus annulled by this parsimonious award, and in a few years' time the Secondary Schools will have no first-class teachers.

This will mean the death of sixth form teaching and will deprive Oxford and Cambridge (*inter alia*) of sixty per cent. of their normal undergraduates. The position is disastrous.

G. Hyde
(Senior Modern Languages Master)
Cambridge and County
High School for Boys.

Sir,—May I ask you to correct an error of fact in your comments on educational matters? In your paragraph on the Burnham Committee's report on teachers' salaries you write: "The increases will cost £68 millions." No wonder you gave this paragraph the exultant heading "The Teachers' Revolution." Unfortunately, however, it is the total cost of our salaries, including the proposed increases, which will amount to £68 millions. This is a rather different story.

It is also worth pointing out that most teachers in grammar and technical schools will be worse off than before the war. The pre-war maximum for a man with a degree in schools of this type was £480, or from £504 to £528 if he held a post of special responsibility. The new maxima will be £570 to £585, and even with a post of special responsibility will only range from £605 to, in a few cases, £670—increases which are considerably less than the estimated 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. rise in the cost of living. Headmasters of such schools will in most cases get no increase in salary whatever.

This is serious because of its effect on the supply of brains to industry and the professions. This depends on maintaining and increasing the quality of the advanced work in grammar and technical schools. But this advanced work requires teachers of high academic qualifications and exceptional ability. There are not enough men of this calibre to go round—they can find lucrative employment in a wide range of occupations, and it will be surprising if they are attracted to teaching by the new scales. A boy who has just gained a School Certificate and is of average personality may well be attracted by the ultimate prospect of £525 a year; he will have no difficulty in becoming a qualified teacher. A graduate with ambition and high academic ability may have very different views on the prospects held out by the teaching profession, yet unless such men can be recruited in sufficient numbers, the present high standards of advanced work in grammar and technical schools cannot possibly be maintained. It would be disastrous if these standards were lowered just at the moment when fees are to be abolished, admission is to be based for the first time purely on capacity to profit, and when a career open to talent seemed about to become a genuine possibility for every boy on his merits.

If the standards of advanced work are to be maintained, the proposals of the Burnham Committee must be revised. Retain the basic scale, but increase allowances for graduates, and, above all, meet the needs of the advanced work in the grammar and technical schools by granting them posts of special responsibility really proportionate to their needs, with higher increments than the Burnham Committee envisages. A strict egalitarianism cannot be practised in one profession only, especially when that profession varies more greatly than any other in its qualifications for membership. It must be remembered too that the wealthier public schools will still have their own much higher salary scales. My colleagues in modern schools will, I feel sure, agree that the advanced work in the grammar and technical schools presents special staffing problems and must be kept at the highest standard of efficiency, since it is only thus that able boys from homes with low or modest incomes can secure the opportunity of developing their talents to the full and of giving the nation the service it needs in positions commensurate with their abilities.

The Grammar School,
Maidstone.

W. A. Claydon,
Head Master

[We have received a number of letters similar to the above. What the writers appear to ignore is the undesirability of maintaining a system which rests on the assumption that the teachers of the older children should be paid more than the teachers of the younger, also the necessity of establishing parity of conditions in all types of public secondary schools. It is not denied that the new scales represent a very great advance over the whole field of what has hitherto been classified as "elementary" education: the contention is that they do not give enough to graduates or to teachers in "secondary" schools of the existing type. But surely the premium to graduates can be better replaced by a premium based on length of training—so as to give more recognition and encouragement to long courses in Training Colleges pending the time when graduation can be made available to all teachers; and surely the right way of meeting the case of superior qualifications and merits is by the extension of special allowances rather than by differential scales for privileged classes of teachers. We would gladly see more generous provision of special allowances in order to meet the legitimate part of the case of the Secondary Schools; but that does not alter the fact that the existing proposals *are* a revolution for the main body of teachers. As for the comparisons instituted by some of our correspondents between the prospects of entrants to the teaching profession and to other professions, we agree that the results are unfavourable to the teachers in many cases. But they will surely be less so under the new scale than they have been hitherto. Several correspondents take us to task for stating that "the increases will cost £68 millions." What we meant, was that the total cost of the increased salaries will be that sum.—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH GERMANY?

Sir,—In suggesting that I would let "the burglar" (i.e. the leading industrialists and militarists) escape, I'm afraid your correspondent has "got me all wrong." In my writings and lectures, ever since 1938, I have repeatedly stressed the view that the danger of a revival of German aggression in future years will come primarily from the big industrialists and finance. Secondly, from the great General Staff (or ex-members of it) and the Prussian *Offizier Korps*, and only, thirdly, from the subservience, lack of moral courage and ingrained respect for army and arms of the mass of the German people. The latter feeling may, we must hope, be weakened by Germany's second defeat, at least temporarily. But millions of young Germans have been brought up to believe in it.

The Pan-German and similar leagues were started not from below but from above—but they succeeded in obtaining millions of members and supporters. The total membership of all the peace-loving associations never exceeded 35,000.

I was, I believe, among the first to make specific proposals for replacing the private ownership of certain heavy industries and utilities in Germany by public, international, control.

Reform Club.

T. H. Minshall

NIEMÖLLER

Sir,—May I, as former colleague and assistant of Pastor Niemöller in Dahlem, ask Mr. A. J. P. Taylor what evidence he has for calling him, in his letter to The New Statesman and Nation of October 28th, "a war-monger both in the last war and the present one?" And may I, as a Christian, ask what right he has to label seven years of imprisonment for Christ as "the irrelevant sufferings of Niemöller?"

38 Hartington Grove,
Cambridge.

F. Hildebrandt

SWISS DEMOCRACY

Sir,—"Critic" in your last issue implies that Switzerland has hitherto been in the Irish sense "neutral on the side of Germany."

The Swiss are passionate democrats, and *therefore* necessarily hostile to *all* forms of dictatorship, German and Russian amongst others. From the day when Hitler first assumed power onwards I never met a single Swiss who had a good word to say for him. In 1936 a prominent Nazi was murdered in Switzerland and his murderer, a Jew, was acquitted by a Swiss Jury. There was much speculation at the winter Olympic Games as to whether the Americans and British would salute Hitler. Those who did not want to (my son and I among others) kept out of the opening procession. When the Swiss marched in front of Hitler, a sudden stiffening movement seemed to go through their ranks. The Officers saluted but the civilians, whose ancestors had fought for democracy at Morgarten, walked past Hitler, eyes to the front and arms stiffly to the side. I spent some weeks in Switzerland early in 1940. The whole country was anti-German. After the collapse of France, the German Swiss remained solidly anti-Axis, but some of the French Swiss were Pétainist.

I was present when a Swiss officer lectured in Santiago to a group of Swiss residents. He described the fateful meeting of the Cabinet at which it was decided to fight if the Germans invaded Switzerland, surrounded though they were by the Axis and Axis-controlled France. "It was a character test," said the Swiss officer, "of whether we are men or dirty dogs. If we fought we should be beaten but our children and our grandchildren would be proud to be Swiss and from that pride would be born the Risorgimento."

It would be tedious to catalogue all that prisoners, internees and refugees owe to the Swiss in this war, as in the last, but I should like to quote the remark of an officer, concerned with prisoners of war: "I cannot speak too highly of the stubborn courage with which the Swiss in Japan have stood up to the Japanese in their attempts to secure some mitigation of the brutality with which our prisoners are being treated."

Arnold W. Lunn

The Athenaeum.

THE COMMON PROSTITUTE

Sir,—It was with relief that I read Mr. Stanley French's letter. He has dealt with questions of law and procedure. What remains is the fact that "Common Prostitutes" were each fined without enquiry—presumably they were young. Is the reader to imagine that this is the typical result for a girl who

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•
JONATHAN CAPE

is found guilty of a charge relating to prostitution? The article refers to a Stipendiary Magistrate—thus strictly limiting our guesses at the whereabouts of the Court described—and excluding a small country Court. In my experience Mr. Hillier has not described the typical attitude of a wartime Bench. Surely probation officers would agree that the term "Common Prostitute" has its application to a high percentage of their probationers from the adult court. To find the "uncommon" factor—or individual capacity in each girl is the job the Magistrates give us. How do probation officers—and how can they—justify the confidence of the Magistrates, who by their decision make the question not "What shall the Court do with this girl?" but "what can the probation officer do?"

Is it enough to fight a battle with disease—the odds heavily weighted on the wrong side by opportunity of re-infection? Conditions make prostitution easy now. Should not society be responsible for offering a different opportunity to girls who would not have been prostitutes in normal times? Should we look to Russia for help where method is concerned?

I cannot answer these problems, but in my opinion they are not ignored to the extent that Mr. Hillier suggests. It is the exception, not the rule, for there to be a morning of fining after which we can turn to each other and say "Licences going up."

4 West End,
Bristol 3.

K. Cruse,
Probation Officer

RIGHTS OF WOMEN

Sir,—The London Diocesan Conference has unanimously passed the Report of its Paddington Estate Committee. This committee was appointed as a result of some agitation by members of the Church of England about the conditions of the Paddington Estate and the allegation that the Church, through the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was making money out of the brothels and prostitutes there.

Prostitution in law includes not only sexual intercourse but preliminary sexual play, and it is not necessary for it to be conducted for profit. The woman who desires to have a number of lovers in her flat would be menaced by this amendment of the law. What of the woman who receives men for non-sexual purposes? It is easy to imagine the suspicious minds of the landlord and inquisitive neighbours suggesting that they are there for sexual purposes. In the case of Rev. *v.* de Munck, part of the evidence was that the prostitute had been left alone with a man in a room furnished as a bedroom, although after she was still *virgo intacto*! Moreover, the report (paragraph 21) suggests that the burden of keeping watch and of obtaining evidence should not be left exclusively to the police but that the steward of the Paddington Estate should be authorised to employ suitable persons to supplement the observations of the police. The proposed amendment of the law might well lead to much prosecution of women and interference with their sexual freedom.

The Report in paragraph 30 concludes that there would seem reason to hope that a bill to effect this amendment would be non-controversial and would be favourably regarded by the present Government "which has recently shown inself so concerned about venereal disease." The proposed change would involve still another discrimination in law between men and women.

The Home Secretary has declined to appoint a Committee of Enquiry into the matters raised by the Church's Report, and it is to be hoped he will continue to resist the pressure being brought to bear on him.

R. S. W. Pollard

MEN AGAINST THE SKY

Sir,—Your correspondent paints an unwarrantably rosy picture of the Forestry Commission. As we are both forestry workers, I can only conclude that conditions vary very considerably in different districts

Here is a necessarily incomplete picture of living and working conditions as I found them in Thetford Chase—the largest planted F.C. area in England—just over a year ago.

Twelve men, two women, and two young children lived in a Commission-owned house. The drain did not carry away water, but left it in large, evil-smelling pools outside the kitchen door; the hot water system leaked over the scullery floor; the roof leaked; the W.C. was unusable; the interior decoration (I assume it *had* existed) was in complete decay. There were other faults, but I think I have mentioned enough to prod the imagination. The main defects were consistently put before the divisional office over a period of two years, but nothing was done.

Working conditions? Here your correspondent is misleading. Scottish forestry may be under the E.W.O. In England, men can be and are dismissed. Piece-rates, I found, were almost invariably fixed so that by working hard for the full hours, a man might barely cover the standard "day-rate" earnings. Sometimes less. I have worked the full hours on piece-work, and, through niggardly pricing by the forester, have earned less than the standard £3 5s. a week. The difference was not made up to me. Imagination boggles before contemplation of the "bad old days" your correspondent cites.

The main trouble is that the forester is between frying pan and fire. The frying pan is the district officer, who has to make out "progress reports" to the satisfaction of the divisional officer, and insists on economy even to the point of penny wisdom and pound foolishness. The fire is the forestry worker—and not a very hot fire, as a rule, as he is infrequently a trades unionist, and is generally content with surly but ineffective remonstrances. Naturally, the forester, unless he be an exceptionally strong character, prefers the fire.

Forestry Worker

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION

Sir,—Even Mr. Lloyd Humberstone's long practised skill in the advocacy of anachronism makes a poor show in upholding the system by which candidates and their agents in University Parliamentary Elections are allowed to make and retain a complete record of how every elector votes. It is not true that the present method "has a long tradition." The traditional method was that of the hustings as Mr. Humberstone himself shows: the present method has only one feature in common with the hustings, namely, lack of secrecy.

Mr. Humberstone's other argument—that because voting in Parliament or local Councils is open, voting in the elections to those bodies should also be open—is nonsense of the worst kind. The public has a right to know how its representatives carry on their duties on elected bodies: the representatives are responsible to their constituents for their behaviour. The elector is responsible to nobody but himself for how he casts his vote and he has a right, which has long been traditional in all democratic countries, of doing so as a matter of private judgment and without anyone else knowing his choice unless he chooses to reveal it himself.

I am quite sure than the great majority of the present generation of Graduates are in favour of voting by secret ballot. The Convocation of London University expressed itself in support of secrecy of voting eight years ago and a similar resolution has been recently approved by its Standing Committee.

J. Stewart Cook

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Sir,—Having seen the press reports on the proposals by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott for the new Chamber of the House of Commons, we wonder why the design of a building of such national significance should have been entrusted to one specific architect. Surely the most democratic method of getting a design in tune with contemporary life and requirements is by open competition.

Five Architectural Students

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE extraordinariness of Shelley is of a kind that touches many people closely. It is no mere extravagance that there are at least six poets living who have been compared in their youth to him. The Shelley type is always rare and unexpected, but it is always with us, because it approaches problems which are always with us. Godwinism, atheism, free love, vegetarianism, revolution, the equality of the sexes ; who can say that all these ghosts have been laid? "Mad Shelley" and Shelley the "ineffectual angel" and even Shelley the humourless prig are names given by schoolboys and schoolmasters to another schoolboy who disturbs their minds with problems which touch them on the raw.

Shelley's private life is also of a kind which concerns our youth in ways which most of us would rather forget. It is part of his extraordinary fate to have had all his thoughts and actions in his early twenties recorded with great minuteness, not because he was, like Goethe, already a literary figure, but because his actions involved the honour of other people, anxious to justify themselves ; dons, the baronet his father, Harriet Shelley, Mary Shelley, and his friend James Hogg. At a crisis in his youth, when he behaved with youthful folly, curtains are drawn aside and we see a winged creature—more of a butterfly perhaps than an angel—caught in a web partly of his own and partly of others' making. t is impossible, we think, that anyone could become so completely enslaved by his own theories s Shelley : he is unreal. Yet a Balzac, a Tolstoy r a Proust shows us people involved in just such situations as Shelley made for himself ; and in fiction these bear the stamp of reality. If there is something fantastic about Shelley, there is also quality of literalness ; and it is this which makes impossible to dismiss him entirely as the crank who got into bad company, the "ineffectual angel" of Matthew Arnold's essay, or the humourless prig of T. S. Eliot's.

Shelley had friends who were remarkably attached to him. Byron spoke of him as the best man he had ever known ; Leigh Hunt said that he loved no one more—except his own mother ; Peacock and Trelawney write glowingly and vividly of him. The friend whose relationship with him is most ambiguous is the earliest friend f all : Jefferson Hogg. Hogg's *Life of Shelley* almost a masterpiece. It gives a brilliant but one-sided portrait of the poet. This portrait is one-sided partly because it portrays Shelley most vividly when he was an undergraduate (the Shelley family would not give Hogg leave to complete the biography), but more because Hogg was writing about his own youth as well as Shelley's. The letters now published show—what had long been known—the extent to which Hogg's portrait was distorted by actual falsification of the letters which he printed. However, the deeper distortion is Hogg's attitude towards his own past, which he regards with an effective mixture of earning, shame and disdain. Hogg's most mptomatic epithet is "the divine poet" which applies to Shelley, especially when he is escribing ludicrous situations. If one compares Hogg with Peacock and Trelawney, the other writers supply intelligence and warmth in Shelley's portrait where Hogg has painted youth, dour, inspiration, impulse and ludicrousness.

Most of the supporters of Shelley have blackguarded Hogg, with what still appears to be some stification. The two volumes which I have cently been reading are edited by Walter Scott, whose wife is a descendant of Hogg, with a view whitewashing a "noble and generous-hearted an," who courted disaster by his friendship with Shelley. In fact, the two volumes do, in y opinion, vindicate Hogg, though not quite in e way that their editor intends.

In *The Athenians*,* we have a pleasant though rather saddening picture of the lives of the friends of the romantics. When Shelley dies, a light undoubtedly is extinguished for Peacock, Leigh Hunt, Mary Shelley and Hogg. They continue to talk about him, they meet, they go for walking tours, but the glory has departed, and, partly, it is their own youth which they have lost. A comparison of these letters with the letters of the Keats circle shows that friendship was then a custom more generously observed than it is to-day.

It is in the second volume, *Harriet and Mary*,† that new light is thrown on the story of Shelley's two marriages. What happened, briefly, is this : Shelley married Harriet, and, almost immediately, had occasion to leave her in York in the keeping of Hogg for a few days, with her elder sister acting as chaperone. As soon as he returned to York, Harriet complained that Hogg had attempted to seduce her. The Shelleys went off to Cumberland in an agitated state. Shelley then wrote several letters to Hogg, and Hogg several to Shelley (these have been lost). Shelley's letters are extremely hysterical. The whole issue is complicated by the principles, or, rather, the lack of principles involved. In theory, Shelley should not have any objection to Hogg's conduct. So in practice he has to search for motives, such as Harriet's supposed unhappiness, Hogg's own virtue, etc., to justify his distress : gulfs of hypocrisy yawn under the feet of the unfortunate freethinker.

At this point, our contemporary editor, Mr. Scott, rushes in. He says that it is absurd to imagine that Hogg would have wished to seduce Harriet. A mild flirtation, exaggerated by Eliza Westbrook, and by silly Harriet's own vanity, is all that can have happened. Moreover, it is notorious that Shelley had hallucinations. The next part of the story concerns such far graver issues that the question of whether or no Hogg attempted to seduce Harriet seems a trifling one. Shelley writes, on October 3, 1814, a letter to Hogg explaining that he has left Harriet :

> You will rejoice that after struggles and privation which almost withered me to idiotism, I enjoy an happiness the most perfect and exalted that it is possible for my nature to participate. That I am restored to energy and enterprise; that I have become what I once promised to become . . . that my friendship will no longer be an enigma to my friend, you will rejoice . . . If the causes that produced my errors have not made you indifferent to this reformation, & my restoration to peace, liberty & virtue.

The astonishing cause of all this rejoicing, which Hogg is expected to share in, this correct behaviour and restoration to virtue, is that Shelley has left Harriet and is now living with Mary Godwin, with whom he has spent some months on the Continent. He goes on to explain that the happiest days of his life were those spent when he first separated from Harriet. He does not mention that he invited Harriet to join Mary and himself in Switzerland. He longs now to be reunited to Hogg.

There follows the tragic suicide of Harriet. Shelley and Mary then get married. The letters now published which Mary wrote to Hogg in 1815 leave no doubt that Mary and Hogg now had a love affair, which Shelley not only condoned but encouraged. Mr. Scott attempts to explain this new situation by fastening the blame on to Mary who was, he says, jealous of Claire Clairmont, her half-sister, with whom Shelley spent much time, and who also had her eye on Hogg's money. "As to Hogg, he was but a boy after all."

Yet, although it may be true that Mary's jealousy and her designing nature played a part in these complex arrangements, and although all the people concerned were, indeed, little more than boys and girls, it is only confusing to try to wrench Hogg out of the pattern of Shelley's ideas, and to maintain that in 1815 he was the respectable Victorian he became in later years. If there is any virtue in Shelley's and Hogg's and Mary's behaviour, it is that they did not preach free love and then behave according to conventional standards. The defence of Hogg, if he seduced Harriet and was Mary's lover, is that according to the standards which Shelley accepted, there was no reason why he should not have done so. If Shelley felt betrayed by Hogg in his first marriage, it was for some other reason, less easy to discover. One may feel fairly confident, also, that if Hogg and Mary Shelley in after life tried to cover all these events over, it was more because they had changed their minds about views of life which had caused so much misery ; not just that they were trying to cover over their actions. It is best to assume, then, that on the whole, these people did practise the principles of free love which, after all, they frequently asserted that they believed in. If one admits their principles, what is the use of trying to disprove their actions? In their personal lives Shelley and his circle achieved little enough happiness. There seems no point in trying to defend Hogg, or any of them, from the charge of having acted in ways which were the direct consequence of views they all held. All one can do is try and understand their psychological background.

It is evident from Shelley's letters to Hogg that he was as much or more concerned at the loss of his friendship with Hogg as at the supposed attempt on Harriet's virtue. The fear of losing Hogg to Harriet is far realer than that of losing Harriet. The pain of being divided from his friend as a consequence of his marriage is almost unbearable to him, and it is hardly possible to doubt that Hogg's real betrayal was (for Shelley) in having precipitated a situation in which he and Shelley had to be separated. Shelley's "ideal" which he had hoped for was a life with Harriet and with Hogg. Thus, when Shelley leaves Harriet, he writes immediately to Hogg announcing the joyful news. The affair between Mary and Hogg is of Shelley's contriving. It is difficult to view it except as an attempt to re-create the Shelley-Hogg-Harriet situation in happier circumstances.

I am not suggesting that it was Jefferson Hogg whom Shelley should really have married. There can be no doubt that Shelley loved the companionship of women and was very sensitive to their charms. At the same time, he seems to have regarded Hogg almost as a younger and feminine brother might regard an older and masculine one. He seems to have projected his own masculinity on to Hogg, and when he was married, in both cases, consciously in Mary's, perhaps unconsciously in Harriet's, he seems to have required that Hogg should make love to his wife. This feminine aspect of Shelley's nature probably also explains the protective affection which Byron, Hunt, Peacock and Trelawney felt for him. To these friends, Shelley could probably give a quite unprecedented sympathy ; but with Hogg, a far more passionate impulse seems to have been aroused.

If these were approximately the circumstances of Shelley, Harriet and Mary, then Hogg is surely vindicated for falsifying Shelley's letters. If he had published them in their original form, he would have had also in the interests of truth to justify himself, and he could only have done this by damaging Shelley in the eyes of many people. It was better for everyone concerned that he should deny the charge of attempting to seduce Harriet, which would ultimately recoil on Shelley. There are some situations in life which it seems impossible to justify by any standards. Most people are fortunate enough not to have to offer an explanation for them. They are the secrets of human behaviour occasionally revealed in the lives of exceptional men, but otherwise only understood by novelists as great as Proust or Tolstoy or Balzac.

STEPHEN SPENDER

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* *The Athenians*, being Correspondence between homas Jefferson Hogg and his friends, Thomas Love acock, Leigh Hunt, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and hers. *Golden Cockerel Press*, £3 3s.

† *Harriet and Mary*, being the Relations between Percy Bysshe Shelley, Harriet Shelley, Mary Shelley and Thomas Jefferson Hogg. *Golden Cockerel Press*, £3 3s.

Both volumes edited by WALTER SIDNEY SCOTT.

MR. ELIOT'S QUARTETS

Four Quartets. By T. S. ELIOT. *Faber.* 6s.

The first of Mr. Eliot's " quartets "—*Burnt Norton*—was published in 1936; *Little Gidding*, the fourth and last, appeared two years ago. We have had time to study these poems separately and together, to assimilate them in a variety of moods. Mr. Eliot is a poet who needs to be read intensively, and our appreciation of him—as of a favourite record—both gains and suffers from this treatment. At first one is tempted to put him on too often—rare impulse; then, as difficulties vanish, the music itself becomes thin and scratchy. Too late to wish we had rationed our enjoyment! There would seem no way out of this dilemma—which readers of Mr. Eliot must have encountered before—except by belonging to a posterity for whom his poetry will have fewer entanglements.

Four Quartets has been designed, of course, to withstand repeated readings and the most exact scrutiny. Some poets attain a more complete isolation in their choice of words than others, just as the sentences of the maxim-writer stand out above the run of essays; and this is a quality possessed by Mr. Eliot in a remarkable degree. He has no careless raptures; no lucky hits. All has been judged in a white light, as though, over the writer's shoulder, a file of watchers, each taking a more detached view had bent forward. Such attention leaves its impress:

> Time and the bell have buried the day,
> The black cloud carries the sun away.
> Will the sunflower turn to us, will the clematis
> Stray down, bend to us; tendril and spray
> Clutch and cling?
> Chill
> Fingers of yew be curled
> Down on us? After the kingfisher's wing
> Has answered light to light, and is silent, the light is still
> At the still point of the turning world.

Exquisite, if out of its setting immobilised. The same exact verbal influence raises to memorable heights what would otherwise be a commonplace admission—

> Words strain,
> Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,
> Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,
> Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
> Will not stay still. . . .

and enhances trivial satire—

> To communicate with Mars, converse with spirits,
> To report the behaviour of the sea monster,
> Describe the horoscope, haruspicate or scry,
> Observe disease in signatures, evoke
> Biography from the wrinkles of the palm
> And tragedy from fingers; release omens
> By sortilege, or tea leaves, riddle the inevitable
> With playing cards, fiddle with pentagrams
> Or barbituric acids. . . .

Is that even a little too elaborately " right "? It hardly seems so in the context where, as with each of these poems, a theme has been introduced, carried forward, dropped, returned to, through five movements. Here is a mastery of verse more complete and final, if not perhaps always more inspiriting, than any other we have known in our time. Nowhere, I fancy, in 950 odd lines does Mr. Eliot relax for an instant this intensity, though he employs an elaborate and sliding pattern, from argument to lyric, lyric to explanation. The different kinds of poetry which were made to clash in *The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men*—contradictions finally between literature and life—have been resolved with the years into a satisfying and complex form.

It is good advice, in reading Mr. Eliot, to be as receptive as possible to hints and obliquities and never to press a meaning. Not that the meaning isn't there—it irrigates all he writes—but one can't, as with some poets, put the sense first and the incantation second. The doctrine has little value apart from the tone in which it is uttered or the pattern of which it forms a part. I mention this because *Four Quartets*, compared, say, with *The Waste Land*, may seem to be built on a structure of religious inquiry rather than of imagery. Mr. Eliot begins with a number of statements about Time which amount (if one works them out) to very little: he says, in effect, that what has been has been, and that what has not been has not been, and after that he is off chasing memory. Elsewhere he repeats that his end is in his beginning and his beginning in his end. Yes-No reaches a sort of higher punning:

> And what you do not know is the only thing you know
> And what you own is what you do not own
> And where you are is where you are not.

If the only or the chief recompense of *Four Quartets* were to be found in such cancellations, we might well grudge the effort of reading. But —to resume the musical analogy—these are only the chords, the ground-bass of harmony; the words " time," " beginning," " end," " world," " past," " future," have been dropped into our minds, have (if we don't insist too closely) boxed the universe, and opened an approach to Mr. Eliot's real theme: the subtleties and hesitations of regret. Regret, disillusion, the crystallisations of memory and desire, the pinpoint moment, a passionate detachment from living, a continual tensing and questioning of the poetic means by which these states of mind reach expression—such is the cyclical theme of a chamber music that must impress even the uneasy listener. What precisely is the consolation that induces Mr. Eliot at the end to say " And all shall be well, And all manner of thing shall be well," it would be hard to determine; but we accept the shift to a major key, and even the terminal place-name, Little Gidding, hints at discreet capers that would have been out of place, one feels, in Burnt Norton or East Coker.

Any minor irritation with the Eliot canon may be put down to reviewer's fatigue. I have read these poems, perhaps, too assiduously; the record scratches a little. There can be little question that *Four Quartets* is a masterpiece, the one important poetic outcome of the war years. War, by the way, current history, the tussle of ideologies, receive not a glance from this poet who moves inscrutably on his own circuits. To the student a hundred years hence, sauntering along the Thames quaysides and pausing at a bookstall, a copy of *Four Quartets* (Eliot, classicist, introvert, exile—not to be confused with Ebenezer) may offer the clue to a vanished age.

G. W. STONIER

INDIA SEEN

British Soldier in India. The Letters of CLIVE BRANSON. *Communist Party.* [illegible]s. 6d.

Clive Branson, who wrote these letters from India, was a most unusual person. He was an artist who had the talent and courage to see. He was also a devoted Communist who started with none of the legends about our Empire which cloud the eyes of the average Englishman who lands for the first time in Bombay. The result is that he saw the poverty of the Indian masses and the incompetence of our rule with a vividness and an anger that give this book a unique value. His letters were written in haste with no thought of publication. They are not a study of the Indian problem and leave untouched many of the complications on which journalists like to dwell. None the less, by the sureness of their vision and their skill in rendering things seen and felt, they convey more of the essential truth about India than a dozen of the pretentious volumes the experts write.

In reading this little book, we learn, moreover, to know a fine and remarkable character, whose selfless life-work this war brought to an end in a jungle on the Burmese frontier. He had served in Spain in the Brigade. He did his work as a British soldier with conscientious zeal. He had, indeed, the sense which explains so much of his party's success, that he belonged to a chosen vanguard. " I shall command my tank," he wrote on the eve of his last battle, " as a Communist ought." The Army, however, was afraid of him and he never rose above the rank of sergeant. He spent all his leave and much of his spare time with Indians. He championed Indian servant when they suffered from the contempt an brutality of hardened Regulars of the ol Army. He stated facts with blunt honesty. These habits did not commend him to hi superior officers, but they made his letters worth the reading.

A few quotations will do more than any word of praise to commend this book. Here is how a artist saw Indian housing:

> At home one is shocked if families live in on room. But how often do people from India explai that millions of human beings here *have no roo at all*, that whole families live in *houses* made o plaited grass, rags, bits of tin, a bit of carpet—i all not more than 8 feet by 4 feet and perhaps 4 fe high. And one can see this not only in *every villag* but on the outskirts of every town before one eve reaches the brick-built slums in the centre of th town.

Here, again, is his first glimpse of hungry Bengal:

> Men, women, children, babies looked up at th passing carriage in their last hope for food. The people were not just hungry—this was *famin* When we stopped, children swarmed round th carriage windows, repeating hopelessly " Bukshish sahib," with the monotony of a damaged gramophone. Others sat on the ground, just waiting I saw women—almost fleshless skeletons, thei clothes grey with dust from wandering, wit expressionless faces, not walking, but foot steadyin foot, as though not knowing where they went. A we neared Calcutta, for miles, little children naked with inflated bellies stuck on stick-like legs, held up empty tins towards us.

Branson could use his eyes, but when he come to analyse the causes of the famine he does i with a shrewdness a trained economist migh envy, sparing neither the inertia of the official nor the greed of the merchants. Sometimes in sentence he sums up a civilisation:

> All the fellows are either at the cinema o Y.M.C.A. Next week there is to be an adde attraction of a brothel under official patronage.

Or else he gives us a glimpse of the bookshops Anand's illuminating novel *Coolie* is banned, bu *Mein Kampf* is on sale with much pornography He has several stories of the brutality of the ol Regulars to Indians—a coolie was shot for stealin a lettuce. The effect of it all he sums up in th blunt sentence: " the British are loathed." Ther are, however, happier pages. In some he describe days spent with bright Indian schoolboys and wit a fellow-artist; in others he revels in the beaut of Indian moths and fishes. What he has to tel us about Indian Communists is a little naive. The party was not banned as Congress was, though 700 of its members were in gaol. It fought the famine and the epidemics wit an admirably disciplined activity. But he i mistaken in supposing that its positive energ was unique. Congress, when it was not banned fought such disasters as floods and earthquakes i much the same way. The poems in this littl book are of varying merit: two or three show savage, satirical power.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

CONSUMERS' STIMULANT

The Economics of Advertising. By F. P BISHOP. *Robert Hale.* 7s. 6d.

First, one must dispose of an atrocious re herring which Mr. Bishop trails across th argument. This is his claim that advertisin revenue gives us at any rate a press free fro corruption and the evil influence of secre subsidies. A large question is here begged Apart from the fact that the advertising manag of a newspaper frequently exercises on editori policy an influence just as strong and (it ma happen) as anti-social as that of a " patron, why assume, as the author does, that newspaper could not exist without an enormous income t supplement the proceeds of sales? There is n valid reason why the public should necessaril obtain for a penny a quantity of reading matte whose production cost is twopence. If there wer a sumptuary law restricting severely the quantit of newsprint which might be allocated by th press to advertisements, newspapers could maintain financial self-sufficiency either by raising the selling-price per copy or by reducing the lavish number of pages with which pre-war readers were presented. The public's loss, in the latter event, is a matter of opinion.

With this one reservation I commend this as a valuable and important book. People usually write about advertising under the impulse of violent prejudice or (rarely disinterested) enthusiasm. Mr. Bishop is an exception. Although he reveals his membership of the Council of the Advertising Association, his approach to the subject is objective and scientific; and he writes as lucidly as he reasons. With his general conclusion—qualified by a plea for more fact-finding inquiries—I disagree. Confessing his bias against a planned economy, he ends by giving advertisements his blessing in that he finds them to be a stimulant essential for a capitalist system whose existence he just accepts; but his findings are agreeably undogmatic, and he marshals his evidence with disarming impartiality.

It is, of course, on the effects of "persuasive" advertising that the question essentially turns. Between advertisements designed to stimulate desires or influence judgment, and the "informative" announcement that certain goods or services are available at stated places for such and such prices, the classical economists have always been inclined to draw a sharp distinction. Informative advertising, they agree, is required to offset the imperfect knowledge of buyers; it helps the satisfaction of genuine, existing wants. That is, it creates a real "utility," whereas persuasive advertising, which merely *alters* wants, is pure social waste. This distinction Mr. Bishop is disinclined to accept: he finds the boundary line between information and persuasion insufficiently clear. In theory, I agree. The simple announcement that a new book or domestic gadget is for sale may become a persuasive advertisement if it is reiterated a thousand times, and the ubiquitous tobacconists' sign-board "Players Please," is perhaps not essentially different, as an aid to sales, from "Players Sold Here." But practically, I suggest, one can distinguish quite satisfactorily between advertisements which give the consumer necessary "news of the mart" (thus forming a legitimate part of the selling costs which the purchaser has to bear), and those whose competitive, aggressive aim is to rearrange existing, or create quite new, appetites.

The claims usually made on behalf of persuasive advertising are (i) that advertised goods are *cheaper*, because total selling costs are reduced and the economies of large-scale, standardised production rendered possible by increased demand; (ii) that advertised goods are *better*, because manufacturers dare not forfeit the goodwill which they have built up at great expense for their brand; and (iii) that advertising raises the *total* level of production and, therefore, the standard of living, by stimulating the general demand for material satisfactions or, in other words, making unremunerated leisure seem less desirable.

Mr. Bishop sees clearly that there are flaws in this reasoning. He admits that, in some cases, branded goods cost more than unbranded goods; that, when a brand is so successfully established that conditions of near-monopoly are attained, quality is sometimes lowered without alteration of price; and that the switching of demand by advertising may distort uneconomically the productive machine, so that the consumer may lose, on balance, through the lower output and higher price of essentials which have been "outcompeted" by advertised non-essentials. He concedes, too, that advertising tends to the creation of quasi-monopolism in production; that it encourages waste through the needless discarding of half-used goods and "last year's model"; and that, even when we exclude the definitely misleading class of advertisement (*e.g.* of most patent medicines), the consumer is frequently paying for the privilege of having his untutored judgment warped in the interests of somebody else's profits.

These are large admissions; but Mr. Bishop is not defeated or ready to capitulate. His first counter-attack is really, I think, a feint. If the consumer, he asks, is ready to pay, and does, in fact, pay more for expensively advertised, but readily available, branded goods, does this not satisfy economists that a "real" utility must have been created? This is sophistry. If willingness to pay were the one test of utilities, then one would have to defend the "real" satisfaction of a blind pauper cajoled into parting with his last shilling for a telescope.

The author's real line of defence against critics of the waste involved in persuasive advertising lies in the thesis that economists of Marshall's school assumed full employment to be a normal feature of a capitalist society; that this assumption is incorrect; and that (failing increased investment in capital goods) unemployment can be eliminated only by stimulating what Lord Keynes has called "the propensity to consume." Can the deficiency of demand really be made good by advertising? And is the stimulation of appetites by advertisements the right way to go about it? Mr. Bishop is dealing in terms of economics, not morals. It would, therefore, be perhaps unfair to tax him with overlooking the high price which society pays for its consumers' stimulant—in distortion of true values, in the vulgarisation of standards, and in the prostitution of language. The economic answer to his proposition is, I think, first, that an adequately balanced and stable increase of demand is unlikely to arise in response to stimuli applied, with reference to no national or regional plan, by individual companies intent on maximising their own profits. Secondly, even if proof existed that the sum of human productivity could be increased by altering in men's minds the relative values of shorter hours of work and possession of, say, a television set, advertising can do nothing to remove the real cause of deficiency of demand, namely, the maldistribution of incomes inseparable from the capitalist system. It is on this cardinal issue that Socialists will finally part company with Mr. Bishop. But his book, which includes an instructive analysis of the ways in which £80 millions annually were spent by British advertisers before the war, is one which every Socialist should read.

AYLMER VALLANCE

THE ENGLISH COURTS

English Courts of Law. By H. G. HANBURY. *Oxford University Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This is a notable addition to the Home University Library both on the historical and legal side. It summarises and illuminates so much knowledge that the student will possibly be able to do without some of the longer books which have so far been thought indispensable. A future edition should, however, contain an Appendix setting out the translation or explanation of all the writs referred to (e.g. *assumpsit*) which can only be found in a Law Lexicon. I have detected only one inaccurate sentence, on page 179: "The English legal profession is unique in its bifurcation into two branches, barristers and solicitors." The author is obviously thinking only of the United States of America and of the British Empire outside India, for in India and most foreign countries the division does exist.

The book has the rare merit of co-ordinating a number of facts in law and history and bringing them into their proper perspective. The chapter on the work of Henry II is particularly lucid.

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The style is terse without being in the least cramped and the passage about the distinction between real and personal property clears up a legal tangle which sometimes puzzles lawyers as well as laymen. "Actions for specific recovery of property were known as real actions, the rest as personal actions . . . while title deeds relating to freehold land could be specifically recovered, leasehold land could not, and so ranked as personal property."

The chapter on the thirteenth century is full of good observations. On the doctrine of separating executive judicial and legislative powers he writes: "In America the three organs of government resemble three flowers in one bed; in England they resemble rather three flowers on one stalk." So again he skilfully outlines the development of the Lord Chancellor from being "justiciar."

> Thus he comes into prominence firstly as an executive officer. But his executive functions were later outstripped by the judicial functions which, emanating naturally from him as the "keeper of the King's Conscience," originated the system of equity, and turned the Chancery into the court which enunciated that system, side by side with the Common Pleas, King's Bench, and Exchequer, which enunciated the common law.

There are some good pages on legal fictions, giving the Summer Time Act as an example.

> Compulsory regulation of the hour of rising would be a tyranny from which the most absolute of dictators might shrink. But by simply calling six o'clock seven o'clock the object is achieved with consummate ease.

On equitable remedies he writes:

> Thus, for instance, equity would not, for obvious reasons, compel a person to fulfil a promise of marriage or personal services, but would leave the disappointed bride or employer to recover damages at common law.

But under the Roman Dutch Law of South Africa a person can be compelled by law to perform a promise of marriage.

> A judge must be free to speak boldly in his judicial capacity.

Yes, but not of persons who are not parties to the case and who therefore cannot be heard. This is still in some cases a serious injustice; but I was once advised by a Counsel (who became Lord Chancellor) that there is no remedy.

There are some good remarks on page 175 on quasi-judicial tribunals.

Finally on the question of "Fusion" the reader would do well to read on this subject an appendix by Mr. H. M. Clowes to an anonymous work "Concerning Solicitors, by one of them" (London 1920). Seldom has so much learning and wisdom been concentrated into a book easily carried in a small pocket yet admirably printed.

E. S. P. HAYNES

Verdict on India. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If we could accept Mr. Beverley Nichols's verdict as a conscious caricature of British official propaganda about India, it might deserve a welcome. But that was not the purpose of its author. He has aimed at surpassing Miss Mayo in an attack on Indian civilisation. In its extravagance and injustice it surpasses previous efforts. Mr. Churchill spoke of Congress as a purely Hindu organisation, which it is not. Mr. Nichols parodies him by arguing that it is at once a Brahmin and a Fascist organisation. He asks us to believe that the Bengal famine was caused entirely by the misdeeds of one Indian Minister, possibly of two. His only positive contribution is an uncritical enthusiasm for Mr. Jinnah and Pakistan, which he applauds without facing any of the difficulties. But it is impossible to accept as an authority on Indian questions a journalist who informs us that the Koran is written in the Persian script.

Wartime China. By MAXWELL S. STEWART. *China Campaign Committee.* 1*s.*

This pamphlet, originally written for the Institute of Pacific Relations by an American expert, is an excellent and honest account of present-day China. It is the only printed statement at present available in which the reader can learn not only why so many complimentary things could justifiably be said about the resurgence of the Chinese people and the beginnings of Chinese democracy during the war, but also why public opinion is now swinging, too violently, in the opposite direction. Here in brief form are the facts which explain much that is now being said about Chinese graft and repression, and much that explains the anti-foreign feeling in Chungking. The pamphlet is so phrased as to say a lot of truth without giving offence.

Twenty-five Years of the British Drama League. *British Drama League.* 5*s.*

A quarter of a century ago Geoffrey Whitworth and a handful of enthusiasts founded the British Drama League, the object of which was defined as "the encouragement of the art of the theatre both for its own sake and as a means of intelligent recreation among all classes of the community." This little book sketches, all too briefly, the progress of the League from that time, and touches upon the outstanding theatrical events since its inception. That the League has advanced the twin causes of poetry and the drama in this country to a greater degree than any other body is not, however, shown sufficiently clearly. And that it has nurtured and brought to full stature one of the largest, most enthusiastic and intelligent amateur theatre movements in the world is a fact which is allowed to glimmer only dimly through the mass of cold statistics which appears throughout the booklet. But one cannot cram the endeavours of twenty-five years into thirty pages; what is here is merely a précis which must arouse in those with an interest in the drama a desire to read more fully the story of this movement.

NEW PAMPHLETS

RATIONALIST ANNUAL. *Watts.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Contains articles by Shaw, Haldane, Julian Huxley, Gordon Childe, Archibald Robertson and Kingsley Martin.

MORAL PROGRESS. By Morris Ginsberg. *Jackson.* 2*s.* 3*d.*

The Frazer lecture given by Professor Ginsberg in Glasgow last April.

SOCIAL SECURITY IN NEW ZEALAND. By Walter Nash. *Labour Party.* 2*d.*

A short outline of the constructive social achievements of the New Zealand Labour Government.

WILL PLANNING RESTRICT FREEDOM? By H. J. Laski. HOW WILL PLANNING AFFECT LAND OWNERSHIP? By E. S. Watkins. *Architectural Press.* 6*d.* each.

Two useful pamphlets exposing the fallacy of the claim that planning will involve bureaucracy and outlining a sensible land policy to make town and country planning possible.

NATIONAL INCOME AND EXPENDITURE. By J. E. Meade and Richard Stone. *Oxford.* 2*s.*

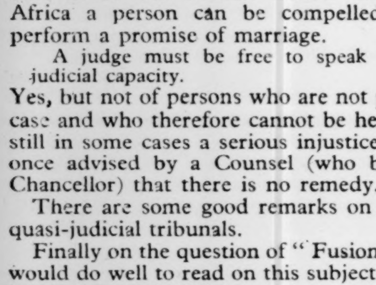
An explanation and analysis of the official figures.

WAGES DURING THE WAR. *Labour Research Department.* 1*s.*

A discussion of wage rates and the factors affecting them.

WOMAN'S PLACE. *Communist Party.* 6*d.*

Communist policy for women, attractively presented with illustrations.



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OREIGN FRENCH POLICY. By DAVID THOMSON. *Oxford.* 6d.

A brief but useful summary of French policy from 870 to the outbreak of war.

Week-end Competition

No. 773

et by Norman MacKenzie

A well-known brand of antiseptic bears on its bel a remarkable adjectival list of its qualities. It , we read, "Non-toxic, Analgesic, Endosmotic, on-Haemostatic, Non-Caustic, Anti-Thermic, eroplastic, Stable." Competitors are invited to evise similar lists to describe any three personalities literature or politics. The adjectives should xplain themselves where possible, but in obscure ses, a footnote may be added. Entries to be re- ived Dec. 4th. Libel will disqualify.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 770

et by Yates Mason

Staff magazines and annual reports of charitable institutions have a peculiar literary style of their own, particularly when dealing with the ceremonial visits of Royalty and titled patrons. Competitors are asked to write an extract (limit 200 words) from such a publication describing such a visit from which the discerning reader may perhaps gather that the proceedings did not go entirely according to plan. Both the institution and the distinguished visitor must, of course, be fictitious.

eport by Yates Mason

Competitors seemed to find no difficulty in cap- ring the essential annual report style, and entries istled with passives, split infinitives, circumlocutions d irrelevant details; where they failed was in the ndling of the unrehearsed incidents. Instead of ing gently implied these were in practically every se heavily underlined and quite obvious to even the ost undiscerning reader. Several competitors also squalified themselves by giving extracts from blications dealing with commercial firms instead charitable institutions. There were, however, scarcely any entries that did not contain at least one felicitous passage, and I have to thank competitors for a most rewarding evening spent in reading their works. Here are some extracts:—

The recent death of Miss Blossom, whose pianoforte renderings were always so essential to the success of our Christmas concerts, added a touch of sadness to an otherwise joyous gathering.

(MAURICE CRANSTON)

Although by some trifling misunderstanding the first of three hearty British cheers was acknowledged by a woman reporter, Her Highness's reception, when she did finally appear, was all that the most loyal subject could desire. (ALLAN M. LAING)

The visit to the wards, which the patients had been decorating for many days with the Flags of all Nations and other greenery, had to be omitted owing to another engagement. (L. E. J.)

The senior girls gave a charming impromptu rendering of "The Merry Peasant" entirely unaccompanied. (P. M. HORNBY)

And one phrase "an aisle of nurses" provided by L. G. Udall is one that I shall always treasure.

After lengthy consideration I recommend that a first prize of two guineas be awarded to Stanley French for his masterly handling of a succession of hideous disasters and that a guinea each should go to W. H. G. Price and M. A. Chodzko.

From the Annual Report of the Home for the Offspring of Gentlefolk in Gaol.

The glad news that our gracious Patroness was to honour us with a visit made everyone from Matron herself to our teeniest tot agog with excitement. . . . Providence smiled on us. The weather was much better than on the day on which we had expected the Countess. No one would have realised that we had been caught unprepared; everyone was on their toes at once and Miss Flutter, deputising for absent Matron, quickly had the children performing action songs on the lawn. It was a tribute to all concerned that despite several showers our Patroness watched for over an hour. . . . After luncheon she visited the kitchen and cordially agreed that satisfactory cooking is impossible until some benefactor presents us with a new stove. . . . Before the Countess left Ida Waters very prettily (despite her uncontrollable internal weakness) presented a bouquet, for the speedy delivery of which we have to thank Messrs. Bloom. In reply our Patroness said she had had an unforgettable experience; she regretted that circumstances would prevent her continuance in office. . . .

STANLEY FRENCH

Extract from *Ozone*, a magazine compiled by and for the patients of a hospital for chest diseases. The extract is from an account by a patient of a visit of a titled lady to the Annual Garden Party held by the hospital in June.

. . . One of the highlights of a most memorable day occurred when Lady Prem, looking extremely svelte in an austerely elegant linen two-piece ensemble, joined the group arranged to await the photographer on the lawn in front of Block Three. When Lady Prem had seated herself in the middle of the front row, little Angela, the head-gardener's baby daughter, led by her Mummy, tripped forward clutching a huge bouquet of roses which she offered to Lady Prem after a charming and solemn baby attempt at a curtsey. Her Ladyship, with a truly delightful gesture, took the darling mite upon her knee and smilingly faced the camera. But sweet little Angela found the occasion too utterly momentous and had to be restored to her Mummy, quite overcome with excitement. After a short pause, during which Lady Prem visited Matron's quarters, the tableau reformed and some truly delightful photographs were taken, her ladyship looking utterly bewitching in a lovely floral frock. Later, in the Library, Lady Prem admired greatly the patients' craftwork; she was most impressed by the embroidery section and was graciously pleased to accept a sampler upon which the arms of the Allies were worked. . . .

W. H. G. PRICE

. . . the visit of Her Grace to this year's County Institute Show must be considered a most outstanding success though once again the weather, try as it did to be the Dictator, could not damp the general enthusiasm. This was most noticeable on conclusion of the Prizegiving, judging by the ovation which Her Grace received, when with laudable encomium she praised the spirit of both competitors and spectators.

An incident, which might have marred an otherwise splendidly organised afternoon, was saved due to presence of mind of our popular Treasurer, Major R. Rixten Brinkle, when a Shorthorn (Nookery Boy in fact), owner Mr. A. Yoat, broke from its stall and interrupted the Official Welcome then taking place on the Concert Platform, due to the weather, and which had been prepared for the Dancing Competition. With customary military élan, the gallant gentleman led Her Grace forward to the front of the stage, then darting nimbly to the side lowered the Drop Curtain. Her Grace was then escorted to the safety of the front row stalls, where the ceremony was concluded. This admirable display of *sang-froid* by Her Grace gained her well merited applause. Nookery Boy later won 3rd Prize.

M. A. CHODZHO

Personal

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ODERN Churchmen's Union (Sec. Steeple Claydon, Bletchley, Bucks). Christianity ust be expressed in modern terms. Subs. 10s. uarterly Mag., literature, etc. President: Sir yril Norwood.

UR theology is rational and our religion mystical. Unitarian publications free m Mrs. Dickin, The Hill, Langport, Somerset.

OCIAL Security Guide, just reprinted. Government and Beveridge compared. Social Security League, 33 Bruton St., W.1.

Readers' Market

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